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THE SACRIFICE OF KATE DOUGLAS.

(See Article on Page 6.)

A SLUM CHILD'S SELF-DENIAL.

His Only Comfort—Christ's
Recompense.

Our Slum Officers found a partly-paralyzed boy in their visitation, and led him to Jesus. Once a week he was visited in his lonely room, and a "Young Soldier" was brought to him as a gift. His father was dead, his mother a drunkard; brothers and sisters he had none. It can easily be imagined, therefore, what a cheer a "Young Soldier" became to him, as he lay on his wretched bed, unable to play about and scarcely to move, on account of the paralysis in his poor little legs. However, he had a slight gift for painting pictures; these the officers sold for him, and thus got him a few pence.

When Self-Denial Week came around, he offered two of his little pictures toward the fund.

But by the following year the paralysis had reached his arms, so that he could not paint.

"Oh, Captain, what shall I do? I have nothing to give for Self-Denial."

"Never mind, dear; Jesus will expect nothing. He understands."

"But, Captain, I want to give something, and I've nothing to give."

No cake to give up, no tea, no sugar, coffee, butter or meat to go without. No pocket-money. Poor Willie! What was he to do? He prayed to God to show him.

When the Captain called the next time, he said: "Captain, I know what I can give up. I can give up my 'Young Soldier.' I do love it so; it cheers me when I am alone, and

It Helps Me to Bear the Pain;

but I love Jesus better, and I will give it up."

And so it happened that the Captain, instead of bringing "The Young Soldier" each week, brought the halfpenny instead. This he hid from his mother, and put it under his pillow. On the third week the Captain provided herself with "The Young Soldier" for the missing dates, and also a few little delicacies, and hastened to Willie's poor little home.

She tried to picture his joy as he handed in his penny and also received the papers, but what do you think she did see? Willie's mother drunk and he dead on the bed!

Precious boy! When you get to Heaven and enquire of the Recording Angel for the highest amount given for the Self-Denial, I think it will be little Willie's penny.

Comrade, what owest thou to my Lord? "I will pay my vows which my lips have uttered."

—J. J. Cooke.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN FRANCE.

Just When Ontario Teachers are Trying to do Away with it.

Even France, wine-drinking France, is beginning to wake up to the perils involved in the increasing use of alcoholic drinks. The French Government has started an anti-alcohol crusade by increasing the tax on intoxicating drinks and decreasing that on non-alcoholic beverages, and now the Minister of Public Instruction has directed that in both primary and secondary schools regular lessons shall be given on the subject of temperance, placing it on the same footing as grammar and arithmetic. In Switzerland an organized attack on the citadel of intemperance is being made under government auspices.

—The Camp Fire.

Cross wearing involves no Calvary.

All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms, as all purity is one. It is the same whether a man eat, or drink, or sleep sensually. They are but one appetite, and we only need to see a person do any one of these things to know how great a sensualist he is.—Thoreau.

IS THIS SUGGESTION FOR YOU?

BY LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ.



THE circumstance I wish to narrate took place at the close of an important gathering in the interests of the social work. The writer had been speaking strongly and earnestly of the needs and claims of the unfortunate and erring ones. Other speakers had emphasized the importance of all followers of Christ imitating His beautiful life in giving sympathy and help to those who have fallen by the wayside, but who are anxious to retrace their steps, and through faith in the efficacy of Divine grace become new creatures. Much enthusiasm and interest had been manifested by the hearers. Being anxious that the result of the meetings should crystallize in some tangible or material form, in addition to the universal sympathy that had been expressed, we passed among the audience little slips of paper asking for promises of support for the rescue work.

Quite a ready response was made, and a number of the little canaries (slips) were passed up with substantial sums promised. Among the number was one which specially gladdened my heart. Unfolding the little yellow paper, I read the following words:

"I GIVE MYSELF.—NURSE —"

Oh, the limitless opportunities of our rescue work. How much we have to rejoice in through what has been accomplished; broken spirits have been healed, shadowed lives have been brightened; hope has been created where despair reigned; erring feet have been restored to paths of virtue; prodigals have been given back to sorrowing parents, and desolate homes have been made happy.

But how much more we could accomplish if some gently encouraging Christian girl or woman who reads these lines would respond, "I give myself." May many hearts be touched, and many consecrate themselves to this work in the words and spirit of Frances R. Havergal's consecration hymn:

"Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

One morning (one of the few mornings spent with my little girl, for my work has taken me away from her so much) having a little time at home and desiring to avail myself of every opportunity to mould the character of my little daughter, and influence her for God and a life of future service for Him, I took her upon my knee and told her about the famine in India, and how many little boys and girls were obliged to suffer hunger, and even death, because of the scarcity of food, explaining further that a cent or two would supply food for a little Hindoo child for a day, and that I wanted to collect some money to send to them. Violet's eyes grew large and wide with wonder. "Well, mamma, I'll give you my red cent." (I had just given her a shining new copper.) "Thank you, darling," I replied, "that is very

sweet and good, but you know Jesus is pleased when we give something to the poor people that we want very much for ourselves." She sat silently, thinking, for a few moments, and then, as if it cost her an effort, she exclaimed, throwing her arms around my neck, "Well, mamma, I like my light blue frock best, I think I'll give that," and she added in a whisper, "then one little girl will not be cold, and one mamma will not cry so much."

My heart was deeply touched, and though the beloved blue frock was not a suitable gift, the spirit that prompted the offer was the true one—the willingness to give up something dear and valued, so that one child might be clothed, and one poor mother comforted.

Oh, dear friends, we cannot save the many, but we can give that which will bring cheer, hope, life, and salvation to one poor, despairing heart. The giving of a portion of our substance may not save a nation, or evangelize a continent, but it will wipe away a few tears and uplift a few erring ones.

A crowded missionary meeting was the occasion; enthusiastic speeches had been made; strong appeals for workers for the great harvest field of foreign mission enterprise had been voiced. Hearts had been touched, souls deeply stirred by the remembrances of the millions yet without Gospel light in the "uttermost parts of the earth." A climax had been reached, something must be done. — great Doctor of Divinity stood forward; "I have two suggestions to make. There must be some answer to the question to-night—some shouldering of responsibilities of this great work. What are we going to do? Some of you should answer, 'Here I am, send me.' Many of you are prevented by circumstances from making that reply, you must say, 'There's my cheque, send someone else!'"

Do either of these suggestions touch your heart, reader? Your position, your business claims, and your home relationships—a hundred other reasons prevent you saying, "Here I am," but thousands of men and women have given up business, home, and friends, to rescue the perishing and save the lost. Can you not help them to prosecute this blessed work by generously giving of the means of which you are but a steward, for which an account will be asked in the great day when all must answer for "the deeds . . . whether good or ill."

Oh, the blessedness of service that costs something! Have you experienced its sweetness?

"Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold."

"Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!"

Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm.

A MONTREAL TESTIMONIAL.

A Great and Good Work.

I have much pleasure in stating that I have known the work done in this city by the Salvation Army, and more particularly by the Rescue Branch, for many years. I cannot speak too highly of the self-denying devotion of those engaged in this work nor can the amount of good accomplished be gauged by human means. In connection with the hospital work, in which I am deeply interested, they have constantly helped me and those whom I sent to them to care for. The work being done is a great and good one, and I am sure the blessing of the Lord will rest upon it.

I remain Yours very truly,

H. L. REDDY, M.D.

999 Dorchester St.,
Montreal.



GAMBLING.

No passion can lead to such extremities nor involve a man in such a complicated train of crimes and vices, and ruin whole families so completely as the baneful rage for gambling; it produces and nourishes all imaginable disgraceful sensations; it is the most fertile nursery of covetousness, envy, rage, malice, dissimulation, falsehood, and foolish reliance on blind fortune; it frequently leads to fraud, quarrels, murder, forgery, meanness, and despair; and robs us in the most unpardonable manner of the greatest and most irrecoverable treasure—time.—Baron Knigg.

IGNORING CHRIST.

Few persons actively reject and oppose Christ. He has not many pronounced enemies in the world. Men do not cry out against Christ as did the rabble at the crucifixion. Nevertheless, they just as truly reject Him by ignoring Him. It is real rejection of Christ to be indifferent to Him, to give no heed to His will and no consideration to His claims. If we are crowding Christ out of our life by petty, temporal interests, if we have no time for Him, we must be classed in the company of those who reject the Lord of life.

THE CRIPPLE'S SACRIFICE.

A tragic but heroic sacrifice took place in the Rue Levert at Belleville, France, a few days ago, according to the Paris correspondent of The London Daily Mail.

A poor, infirm widow named Bernier lived with her paralyzed son on the meagre proceeds of their united labors, but as the household gradually sank into deeper misery the paralytic son resolved upon a desperate remedy to compel the return from the regiment of his brother, who has a good trade on his hands and could support his mother in comfort.

Going upstairs, he wrote a farewell letter to his mother, stating that he had resolved to relieve her of a useless burden, and at the same time restore to her a son who could do something for her.

He then leaped from the window, and was picked up in the street with his skull fractured.

According to the French law of conscription, an only son with a widowed mother to support can leave the army before the expiry of his full service.

It has been decided in New York City to grant no more jury trials to violators of the liquor laws. Thus their wide open method of escaping punishment has been cut off.

THE SORE POINT

WITH MANY PEOPLE

IS

IF ONCE

PRACTISED IN

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

IT MAY BECOME

A LUXURY



How to Reach Your Target.



BY THE GENERAL.

HAVE you got your target? How much is it? Shall you reach it? These and similar questions are being asked very freely by officers and soldiers in every direction just now. A stranger, who, coming amongst us ignorant of the struggle in which we are engaged, might readily imagine that we were in the vortex of some great "Shooting Competition" with rifles, or the like.

But every reader of the Cry will be aware, I should think, that by a target we mean the amount that is to be aimed at as a contribution to the Self-Denial Effort, the product of which is to be devoted to the conversion of the heathen, the strengthening of our Social operations, and the extension, generally speaking, of the Salvation war.

WHO FIXES THE TARGET?

Who is it that fixes the target, do you ask? Well, the International Headquarters, with the Commissioner, decide on the amount the Territory is capable of raising, and that is the Commissioner's target.

Then the Commissioner fixes the amount she wants each Province to produce, and so the Provincial Officer has his target.

Again, according to his or her ability, the amount that each individual soldier must produce is fixed, and so, in turn, each soldier rejoices over a target.

THE UTILITY OF THE TARGET.

I. A target is very useful. You might say it is necessary. Human nature needs a stimulus. Men and women, although saved and sanctified, cannot be left to their own sweet will and pleasure in the discharge of duty. Let those who think they can make the experiment for themselves in the school-room, the workshop, the church, the barracks, or anywhere else.

II. A target adds to the pleasure of the toll, whatever it may be. Not only

fixing a reasonable standard to be aimed at, but acting as "pacemaker" in the performance of the duty, so bringing conscience over to the side of the worker, and then, when the appointed task is accomplished, imparting a satisfaction which is its own reward.

Now, my dear comrades, what about your target?

1. Is it as high as it ought to be? Pause for a moment and consider my question.

Look the past year's mercies in the face.

Look the world's need in the face. Look the self-sacrificing struggle in which your comrades are engaged in the face.

Look at your crucified Saviour extended on the cruel Cross, and then look at your target and say,

"IS THIS AMOUNT WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE?"

A Deacon of a church in Scotland was receiving the offerings of the congregation at the close of a missionary service, when he observed a servant girl drop a sovereign in the plate. He expostulated with her, saying:

"I am sure you can't afford to give that."

"Oh, yes I can," she replied.

"You will have to go without clothes."

"Oh, no, I shan't!"

"Do take it back," he said.

She replied, "I must give it."

The Deacon then said, "Take it home to-night, and if, after thinking of it during the night, you choose to give it, you can send it."

The next morning, while the missionary was breakfasting with the deacon, he received a note from the girl, and on opening it found that it contained two sovereigns. The good deacon said:

"You won't take it?"

The missionary replied, "Of course I shall, for if I send it back she will send four the next time."

If you look your target in the face,

perhaps, like the servant girl, you will be led to double it, too.

2. Having looked at your target and settled that it is the best you can offer your Lord, accept the duty of reaching it as coming from God Himself. Anyway, believe that it is God's will that you should attempt it, for otherwise it certainly would not be there. Don't allow yourself for one moment to think or say that God does not take notice of such small things as your target. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, and you can be quite sure that He is watching you with interest while you are striving to furnish means to extend His Kingdom.

3. Then go for the work with all your might. Show the spirit of real sacrifice in your own giving. Don't lay burdens on others that you won't touch yourself. Be an example; give to God that which costs you something.

4. Practice Self-Denial in your collecting. It is quite easy, indeed, agreeable, to ask money for the Army of some people. It is rather a disagreeable task to ask it of others. Accept the cross. You cannot tell beforehand whether this individual here, or that house there, will help you, so try both.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

A young convert, only fifteen years of age, determined to raise a certain sum for Self-Denial among strangers in a district where the Army was unknown.

He visited forty-five houses in succession, and was most coldly received at every one. The devil whispered to him that the situation was hopeless, and that he had better go home.

Instantly he prayed to God for help, and, taking courage, resolved to try again. He mounted the steps of the nearest house and vigorously pulled the bell. A servant answered the door, and gave him a stereotyped "Not to-day, thank you." He told her that his business was with her mistress. Presently the mistress of the house appeared, adorned with finery and jewels. He stated his business, and so earnestly did he plead the cause of the needy, that she cheerfully gave him 7s. 6d. for his fund.

The servant girl was so impressed with the lad's appeal that she went to the Army and got saved. Soon after her two brothers followed her good example and found salvation at an Army barracks.

While I would never have you depart for one moment from the display of the most kindly manner in your

appeals, still, it will not always do to take the first "No" for an answer. You will find many people refuse the first request, who will gladly yield to a second or third appeal if made, and be pleased to do so.

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

A comrade, who makes the proud boast that for five years in succession he has beaten his previous Self-Denial targets, resolved last year to tackle an avenue of swell houses, toward which he had often cast a longing eye. As he proceeded with his task, he came across a gentleman who raised many objections to the Army, and at first declined to help. Our comrade stuck to his guns, and at length the gentleman, becoming more friendly in his remarks, said, "If you will come and offer up a prayer with my stablemen and servants, I will give you ten shillings."

Needless to say, the offer was at once accepted, and so earnestly did he pour out his soul on behalf of both master and men, that, after he had finished, the gentleman gave him twice the promised amount.

5. While your eye will be necessarily on the money, don't forget the soul. Whenever you have the opportunity get down on your knees. Oh, what an opening for spreading the light, and calling down grace from heaven does Self-Denial Week present!

6. In all your anxiety on the subject don't forget to cry to God to help you with your target, and go beyond it if you can; and whether you succeed or fail, if you do what in you lies, you will have the reward of your Master and the blessing of your General.

BERMUDA PRAISE.

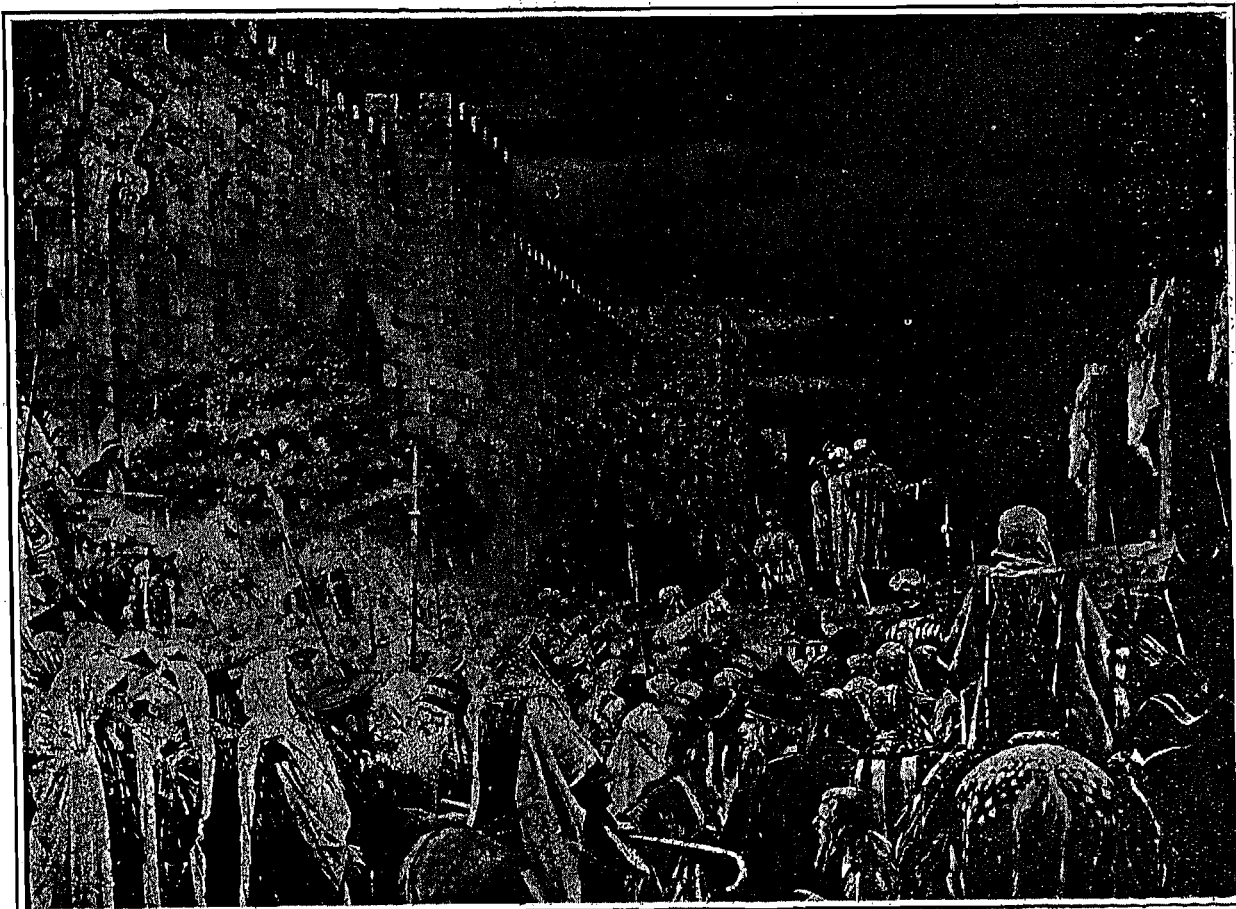
The Army as Peace-Maker.

Hamilton House, Bermuda, Easter Day.—Dear Sir,—Let me give you a testimonial to the efficacy of the Salvation Army. Some time ago I passed an evening with a most cultured gentleman, an eminent physician in the West End of London. He was appointed as quasi chief of the young surgeons whose services at the various police stations were made more or less valuable to the city by the largeness or smallness of the crop of broken heads and other fruits of fights which were brought into the stations. Little work meant less firm retaining of their positions. So they bemoaned the work of the Salvation Army in bringing in the peace and good-will which reduced the importance of their positions. Such is the testimony of quasi enemies of peace.—H. W. S.

A MORMON VIRTUE.

A traveler, driving through Salt Lake City recently, went through the gates of the tithing yard and saw the great heaps of grain, the piles of potatoes, the stacks of hay, the numbers of sheep and cattle, and all the rich profusion of produce brought in by the Mormon farmers in the valley as their "tithe to the Lord." He said afterwards: "I know the Mormon principles in most things are all wrong, but they do set one example that the American Christian who sends missionaries to them needs badly."

That was the judgment of a shrewd observer. It was a perfectly true one. The Salt Lake tithing yard holds a strong lesson for our own church. The Mormons hold their own against advancing civilization because they have this one great Scriptural virtue among their many abominations—they give faithfully and constantly the tenth of their goods to their religious work. Their tithes at present, authorities tell us, are increasing yearly, and put a tremendous power at the service of their church. Even the new settler, who has only one cow or pig, has it duly appraised and pays one-tenth of its value. Not a few well-to-do members, but all the members of the Mormon church live under this rule. The tithes of the poor are as regularly brought as those of the rich.



"And He was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."—Isa. 53, 12.

WHAT DID IT?

A TALE OF THE AGES.

BY MAJOR SOUTHALL.

LOOKING over the pages of history, and noting its accomplishments, one is struck with one great fact that underlies such achievements, and that fact manifests the principle which requires to be recognized so as to produce the desired result.

We meditate upon the history of Christianity in the first century. We see the Christ, with His small band of humble followers, "turning the world upside down," as His Pharisee enemies said, and we look for the mystic power that causes meekness to triumph over mountains of difficulties, and oppositions, and we find it in the principle of Self-abnegation—Self-Denial.

Another leaf from the history of the first century. Jesus has been dead scarcely thirty years, and yet we find that the whole Roman Empire, and the then known world, has been so shaken by the majestic influence of this new religion that Nero—to whom complaints had been made concerning it, both in Rome and throughout the Empire—determined to

Stamp It Out by Sheer Force.

We all know the result—the thousands of martyrs who were thrown into the arena to be devoured by wild beasts, affording pleasure by the ghastliest spectacles to blood-thirsty Nero, his court, and the citizens of Rome. Then the bloodiest orgies of all, when on that blackest night in human history, Nero drove in state through the Imperial Gardens, having for illumination the blazing bodies of hundreds of martyrs, who had first been covered with pitch. He gloated over this diabolical invention of his fiendish mind. This, he chuckled, would finish the new religion that was asserting its sway throughout his dominions.

Alas! Nero, like thy father—the devil—whom thou hast incarnated, thou art ignorant of the sublime truth that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." By their self-sacrifice and self-denial did they lay a foundation, that hell could never shake, of that mighty spiritual structure, which the saints of God have been building ever since, and on the same principle—Self-Denial.

"Ah!" replies the squeaky voice of some microscopic soul, "that is a different kind of self-denial." Very well, my friend, we will try and find something better illustrating the importance and necessity of it, seeing that you cannot comprehend principles. You ask, "Is there anything answering to the Army's method of collecting Self-Denial money in the early history of the church?"

"Precisely! Have you not read II. Cor. viii. and Phil. iv.?" How hardly would it have gone with

The Parent Corps at Jerusalem

If the soldiers of Paul's division had not been generous enough, and by denying themselves contributed to its support, which they did even in Europe. The "our corps," "our church," "our officers' spirit"—had it existed then—would have left Christianity a mere matter of history, and limited to the first century at that. The declaration of Jesus, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," is a contradiction to the selfish mind. But to the initiated, the principle of Self-Denial is at once a charm, and the potent means of extending the Kingdom of God. Thus the Corinthians, in their selfish short-sightedness, occasioned probably by their comfortable circumstances, gave grudgingly, which Paul condemned, and showed them how the Philippians, out of their poverty, had given so liberally. Then, as now, few of the rich, and those who have all comforts, really deny themselves. Like the widow, whom Christ commended, it is the poor who practice the most genuine Self-Denial.

In view of the foregoing, it will

not be out of place to ask ourselves:

"In What Attitude do I Stand to the Great Effort Now Before Us?"

I have heard some officers, and others, say they do not like the S.-D. effort. There is surely something wrong in such an attitude, for, as we have observed, it is the one great principle that has had to be recognized for the upbuilding of the church of God for all time. The discoveries of science, the exploration of continents, the progress of civilization and truth, have all surrendered to the principle, and no other could have accomplished it.

Herein, then, is your opportunity—officer, soldier, friend—in this Self-Denial effort, to ally yourself with that great principle, the result of which

will mean a beneficent reaction upon your own soul, as well as ministering to the needs of others. Possibly the influence of your act may reach to some remote and struggling soul in a far-off land. God knows—and He will place the credit to the right account, and in that day

The Reward Shall be Yours.

It is this spirit which will make us great as individuals, and as an organization. It is the alliance to this principle which has sent the Army through the world as a mighty flame, and it is this principle which will keep the flame increasing, until it shall lick up, in its universal and glorious sweep, the nations of the earth. And when, on that Great Morning, the redeemed of the Lord, out of every kindred and tongue, shall come forth singing, "Worthy is the Lamb That was slain"—thus demonstrating the pivot principle of redemption's plan—shall it be declared that by His self-denial, and its continuance in the lives of His followers all down through the ages, was brought about the salvation of the nations.



The Martyrdom of John Huss.

* Not Even a Friend. *

By STAFF-CAPT. PAGE.

NIGHT was falling over the veldt, the chill, dense darkness of an African evening. Earth was very still, for earth was very tired.

In the wayside military encampment hasty preparations were made for the night's repose. The men had come through a hurricane of heat and dust that day, and were foot-sore and weary. Not even blistered feet and a slight attack of sunstroke could restrain the boyish wit of a young Irishman.

"Sure," he said, as he munched at the dried apology for bread, "never at all did I think that dying for my country was such

A Killing Business.

It was the night before the battle. The enemy was only a few miles ahead. Soon after sunrise they would surprise and surround them and then—the drinking of the soldier's mingled cup of death and victory. Men wrapped themselves in their cloaks that night upon the veldt who to-morrow would be numbered among the slain. Some were old campaigners—veterans who had faced shell and shot before, and knew the ghastly uncertainties of the morrow. Some were beardless recruits, full of feverish excitement to fight their first battle. How should they spend what might be

Their Last night on Earth?

One man at least had decided that it should be passed in prayer. His deep, fervent voice rose in earnest supplication, and as he poured out his soul in passionate pleading for his comrades, not merely for the preservation of their lives, but the salvation of

their souls, many a man reverently drew near, for Sergeant Benson's religion was preached in daily practice and universally believed in. One or two lads, touched with the sense of what the morning might bring, and troubled with thoughts of home and mother, whispered with sobs, "Put my name in, Benson."

But there were some whom even the nearness of eternity failed to solemnize, and one or two of these scoffed under their breath at the praying soldier, but only one of them cared to interrupt.

Ted Somers was known throughout the regiment for

His Wild and Wicked Ways—

he had no scruples over bursting in upon the singing of "Prepare me, prepare me, Lord," with a jeering laugh. "Cowards," he hissed through his teeth, "with your cursed Psalm-singing, afraid of a bit of a fight."

"I have less reason to fear death than you, Ted," was Benson's unruffled rejoinder. "When are you going to get right with God?"

"Not to-night," said Ted with an oath, and turned on his heel.

Earlier than anticipated the two armies met, and before the sun set again life's battle was all over for many. Both sides had lost heavily, and the ambulance corps were busy tending the suffering and removing the slain.

Two men, a little apart from the others, were whispering a few last words, for the long shadows were falling quickly over one of them. It was Sergeant Benson who lay there

gasping for breath. He had received

One Mortal Wound

and lay dying where he had fallen. Leaning over him, holding the drinking cup to the parched lips and wiping the death dew from the brow, sobbing as if his heart would break the while, was Ted Somers.

"Benson," he was asking for the twentieth time, "why did you do it? I was gone for sure when the rush came if you hadn't charged on that fellow in front. Benson, it's me who ought to be lying here. Benson, how could you do it?"

"Old chap," the dying man's voice was so husky that the other could scarcely catch his words, "don't you remember what I told you last night? I had less reason to fear death than you. It's all right Ted, your life's safe and you'll spend it for Him and meet me in heaven."

"God helping me, I will," sobbed the poor fellow, "but, oh, Benson, I'm not worth such a sacrifice."

But Benson did not hear. His glazing eyes were upon the setting sun whose long rays seemed as the bars of some radiant portal across the western sky. As he looked, the reflection of another glory flickered on his face, then passed, and

The Last Pale Hue of Death Settled There.

In the well-loved, well-worn Bible of Sergeant Ted Somers one verse is marked with a heavy underline, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend," and as the stalwart cavalryman reads it he adds with a sob, "and I was not even that."

UNITED STATES.

A frightful disaster has just overtaken a Salvationist family in Houston, Texas. About 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, April 28th, fire broke out in the stable underneath the rooms in which they lived. So quickly did the flames spread that all avenues of escape were immediately cut off, and the entire family of father, mother and three children perished. Both Senior and Junior corps have suffered a severe loss, the two eldest children being saved, as well as father and mother, and they often took part in the Senior meetings. A most impressive funeral service was held.

Mrs. Colonel Higgins' Western trip has been a most successful one from every standpoint, and Mrs. Higgins declares that she found the work in splendid condition.

A great Summer Revival Campaign, dating May 26 to July 31, has been organized by the Commander as a prelude and preparation to our beloved General's visit to the United States.

Camp meetings are now being arranged by the different P.O.s throughout the country. Already the corps open-airs are profiting by the warmer weather.

Fifty-one children were cared for in the Cincinnati day nursery during the week ending April 14th. What untold blessing and help this means to the mothers and babes can scarcely be estimated.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Brewer, U.S.A., chronicles the encouraging news of slum-posts being opened in Milwaukee, Baltimore and Pittsburgh. Substantial financial aid has been given by the public in each case, and everything points to a bright future for this branch of our work in the cities named.

Brigadier Brengle has just completed a blessed, sin-killing, soul-saving campaign in Texas. Nearly 200 souls sought the Lord for salvation, and a clean heart. Backsiders were reclaimed, sinners converted in the halls and at the drum head on the streets, and soldiers and Christians were sanctified wholly and filled with assurance and joy.

A SERVICE OF LOVE

By STAFF-CAPT. MRS. STANYON.

"Measure thy life by loss and not by gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth

Love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice
And he that suffers most hath most to give."

(Mark xiv. 1-9.)

A BEAUTIFUL story is recorded in the above verses of a service of love, and though briefly and simply told, reveals the true qualities existing in bona fide love. It is the action of a woman criticised, commended, and crowned.

In the life, death, and resurrection of our Lord, woman played a prominent part, and has since come to the front in every age, for her steadfastness in the faith and loyalty to her Saviour, even to the laying down of her life for His sake.

Let us consider the incident, with its helpful lessons and in its light analyze our own hearts, and see just where we are, and how we stand as we arrive at another land-mark in the march of life.

First, We Learn that it was Prompted by Love.

Of all the varied characters of service, this is the highest and best, because the spontaneous outcome of the most valuable and powerful motive. Other motive powers, such as ambition, love of fame, desire for prominence, approval of others, sometimes influence men and women to benevolent deeds, and even to the spending of their time, energies, and even life itself in the helping of their fellows; but that service which will stand life's tests and remain imperishable when the heavens and earth pass away, will be that which has been prompted by love. But to-day, as well as in the yesterdays of time, Jehovah has an army of men and women, known and unknown, who are, by Divine grace, treading the narrow path of service and sacrifice, prompted by the power of love, and love only.

Many of us boast of our service for the Master, but from what fountain is its source? From whence does it spring? Are we impelled by that power to-day as when in that best and highest moment of our lives, in the spring-tide of our love, with hearts baptized with Calvary's spirit, we cried—

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do?"

Is our purpose the same—our love as fresh—our zeal as great—our service as pure as then?

It should be, because this alone will bring us God's "well done" at the finish. Too, the service prompted by love is always rendered in a ready, glad and joyous spirit, which makes it appreciated and acceptable. It knows naught of compulsion or drudgery, but is a sweet and easy one however difficult the task before it.

God forbid that the day will ever dawn when to serve becomes a cross and to do good, a great effort; but may we ever live so near to Jesus' heart that it will be our choice, our joy, our life.

It Was Costly.

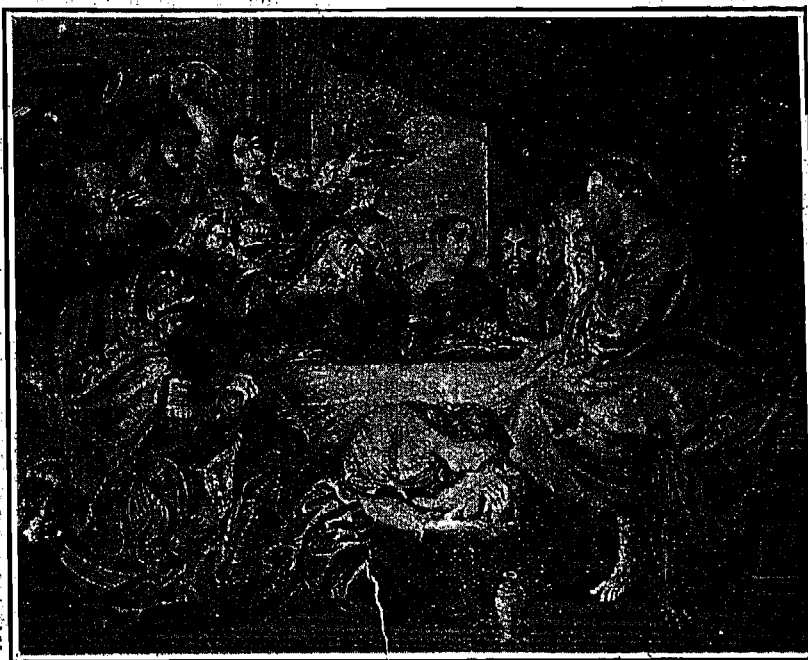
("Very precious.")

She gave at cost to herself. It was the best she could do—the best she could give. Had she possessed anything more costly, more precious, her pleasure in bestowing it would have increased accordingly. Her love demanded her best.

It seems that in this act we can trace that same choice spirit as burnt in the soul of David when he gave that great answer to generous-hearted Araunah, who had made him so splendid an offer. "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." It is akin to that which caused the widow to drop in her two mites, which was her all—her living. Those two mites were treasured abundantly more than the millions of the rich, because that gift, as all gifts when dropped into Heaven's treasury, carried the mark of its true worth. She gave everything she had, and the future held no prospect for more, others only a part of their much, and

herein the Saviour said she gave more than they all.

How will your gifts and mine stand when the Heavenly accountant opens the books and reveals the value that God puts upon them? The value of the thought, energy, strength, toil, tears, prayers and time we have thrown in for the sake of His cross and His Kingdom? Shall we be ashamed, or shall we be ready to own them as ours?



Love's Sacrifice

And behold a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment and stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head.

The eyes He turned on her who kneeling wept.

Were filled with tenderness and pity rare; But looking on the Pharisee, there crept A sorrow, and a hint of sternness there.

"Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee." The Master's voice rang clearly out, and stirred.

With its new note of full authority, The listening throng, who pressed to catch each word.

"Master, say on," self-righteous Simon said, And muttered in his beard, "A sinner she!"

Marveling the while that on the stooping head

The hand of Jesus rested tenderly.

"Seest thou this woman, Simon?" Scornful eyes

Bid Simon bend upon the woman's face.

The while the breath of love's sweet sacrifice

Rose from the broken box and filled the place.

Self-righteousness, the slimy thing that grows

Upon a fellow-creature's frailty,

That waxed fat on shame of ruined lives,

Swelled in the bosom of the Pharisee.

"Into thine house I came at thy request,

Weary with travel, and thou gavest not

To Me the service due, the humblest guest.

No towel, no water clear and cold was brought

To wash My feet; but she, whom you

despise,

tell, in this world or the next, all the evil that has been wrought by reservation?

It has crushed the brightest hopes, blighted the fairest prospects, shut open doors of usefulness and blessing, stopped the progress of spirituality, held the very hands of God Himself, made lives a failure and even death bitter.

Reservation.—It is the curse of multitudes of professing Christians to-day and of days gone by.

Reservation.—It is the key which has locked the Golden Gates on many who fain would gain admittance.

Reservation.—It is a thief which has robbed numbers of their crown

Master, and their race is not extinct yet. Reasoning, calculating, selfish professors, whose sole duty in life seems to be to weaken the efforts of others and persuade them to a more reasonable and congenial service.

With their narrow, straitened spirits; these critics questioned the advisability of such "waste." They were too dwarfed and earthy in their ideas and feelings to appreciate such a noble act. Of course, they could not scale its heights or sound its depths. It was beyond them. Their leader in the controversy was that victim of avarice, Judas, and he cried, with hypocritical speech, "It might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor."

No wonder he was filled with indignation at the "waste"—he who could sell his Master for a paltry thirty pieces of silver. His love was of a counterfeit character, which unmistakably identified itself by its own language.

Opponents stand on every hand to-day. They resent, as of old, such fanaticism and extravagance, and try by their persistent and dogged opposition to prevent the onward march of Christ's true servants. But in spite of all, real love advances, defies and does.

It Was Given In Time.

("She hath come aforehand.")

Mary's hands were in time with their blessing. They poured the sweet ointment upon His head and bathed His feet with the precious nard. No doubt this kind act gave the heart of Jesus a thrill of joy which made Him stronger for the terrible days that followed, and the giver of that service will be glad throughout eternity that she came in time.

A few days later, and it would have been too late! Cruel hands would have woven the crown of thorns for His brow and would have forged the nails for His feet, and opportunities for bringing solace and sympathy would have gone forever, but she was just in time.

Now the days for ministering to Him in the flesh are past, but if we would serve Him acceptably we can do so by serving those around us, and what vast opportunities are crowding around us day by day!

Tears are falling—let us haste to wipe them. Burdens are pressing—let us hurry to share them. Hearts are breaking—to the front with our sympathies. Souls are perishing—hands and hearts to the rescue.

Some have been delayed on their errands of mercy by public opinion and fear of being misunderstood and their motive misconstrued. Some have waited for others to go before and lead the way, and have arrived too late to succor and help. They have brought their sweet bouquet of flowers to decorate the coffin, but not in time to refresh and comfort the tired spirit; have come with their kind words when the ear could no longer hear, and the heart no longer appreciate.

May our love be so real and practical that we shall be in time. In time with our words, our sympathies, our touches, our prayers and our benedictions. Then it shall be said to us in that day when He makes up His jewels, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

It Was Crowned.

What a memorial! What a glorious tribute the Saviour paid Mary! Into whatever corner of the universe the Bible has pressed its way, this beautiful story has been handed down from age to age, from children to children, and the author of this good deed held up as an example to those who would be of practical service and blessing, for the fragrance of her sacrifice has filled the world.

News is to hand of speedy up-grade progress in Major McMillan's domain, especially in the Petrolea and Clinton Districts.

The promotion certificates for probationary officers are now on the press, and will be distributed at an early date. Four probationers have been promoted to full rank this week.

and glory which could have been their reward.

Reservation.—It is the devil in angel form, which has stalked from hell from the beginning and allured God's saints from the paths of service and sacrifice.

Beware of it! It speaks with the voice of a friend, ever urging the necessity of consideration of self, but shun it; give it no quarter, for it has power to rob you of your soul and your Heaven!

Are you holding anything back that God has asked for? Does the reservation of anything, great or small, spoil your consecration? If so, let me entreat you to give Him all, and give all now.

It Braved Opposition.

("And they murmured against her.")

There were always murmurers about. There were in the days of our

Round the World with the Salvation Army.

A SERVICE OF SONG SUITABLE FOR SELF-DENIAL WEEK

COMPILED BY E. W.

(The songs for the service can be found on page 16. Corps who have a band may play the National Anthems as found in the S. A. Band Journals, between the various parts of the service.)

The various parts should be read, or recited, by various Juniors, all girls if possible, dressed in the various national costumes as indicated by the illustrations on these pages.)

Open with Song No. 1 on song page.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On Sunday, July 2nd, 1865, our beloved General took his stand alone on Mile End Waste, East London, England, preaching to a motley crowd which never entered a church, and thus commenced what is now known as the world-wide Salvation Army. During these thirty-six years God's blessing has been upon the work, which has spread in a miraculous manner, until now the flag is flying in forty-seven different countries and colonies, and in Great Britain alone we have 4,918 officers, and 1,667 corps and outposts.

Chorus.

"We'll roll the old chariot along."

A London Tramp.

One cold winter's night a tramp might have been seen near the Mile End Road, London, following an elderly gentleman, and begging from him. Through street after street the beggar followed the gentleman, but his importunities did not bring even a word of reply. He had not tasted food for three days, and was desperate. Food he must get at any cost. The old gentleman had just come to his house, and was going in through the gate, when the tramp put his hands on his shoulder and said, "Sir, you must help me." There was a look in his eyes and a nervous twitching in his arms that made the old gentleman tremble. He put his hand in his pocket and threw the man sixpence.

This Whitechapel tramp and highway robber was brought up hundreds of miles away from London, in the North of England. His mother was a respectable, hard-working woman, who did her utmost to make her Geordie a good lad. When about eight years old he, with several other lads, became converted, and formed a praying band, holding meetings out in the fields, and under the hedges, singing church hymns, reading the Bible and praying. After several months this was broken up, and Geordie made the acquaintance of some bad boys, and just as he had formerly been a leader of prayer meetings, now he became a leader of a gang of thieves. They used to plan and successfully carry out the robbery of orchards, warehouses, etc. While still very young, he became a grocer's errand boy, and used to steal tobacco, candles, bottles of wine, etc., and he and his party of boy-thieves

would go at night to quiet places and smoke the stolen tobacco. Before Geordie was fourteen he was a confirmed thief, smoker, drinker, and gambler.

His mother would still insist upon him going to church on Sunday evenings. This he detested, because this was the best time for his gang to thieve, and on account of this he suddenly left home, stowed himself away in a boat bound for Liverpool, and duly landed with six shillings in his pocket. He soon left Liverpool for Belfast, and here obtained work in the shipyards at six shillings a week. He had to pay the whole sum, less one penny, weekly, for his lodgings, and in a very little time he was almost in rags—for socks he wore dusters. For three months he never changed his clothes, for the simple reason that he had no change. After wandering from place to place begging or stealing for a living, he came to London, ready to commit any crime to satisfy the wants of his poor body. For six nights he tramped through London, but work he could not get, and thus we find him at the beginning of our story.

He finally made his way into our Whitechapel barracks. One elderly brother spoke earnestly to him, begging him to get saved, and when he refused to do so, the brother kissed him lovingly. This touched poor Geordie's heart, and shortly after he yielded to God and got blessedly saved. Now, this tramp, who could not bear discipline, and could not bear work; who was a thief, a gambler, a maker of false coins and a drunkard, is a good workman, a good citizen, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, a comfort to his mother, and a joy to the officers. And Geordie is one of the many the Army has brought to the sinner's Saviour.

Chorus.

Only He can set thee free,
He waits to be a Friend to thee,
Dark indeed the past has been,
But bring it to the sinner's Saviour.

UNITED STATES.

It was in 1872 that the work of the Christian Mission was first extended to the United States, by means of an East End cabinet-maker, who emigrated to that country, and, falling in with kindred spirits in Cleveland, Ohio, went out on the streets and began to work, as he had been accustomed to do when in London, with somewhat similar results follow-

ing. This brother, however, returned to the Old Country, and the work in Cleveland did not long survive his departure.

Seven years later an Army family from Coventry, the daughter having been for some time a Lieutenant, emigrated to Boston, and thence to Philadelphia, where the father soon obtained a good situation in a large factory. The continual thought of all three was that they must be at the old work as speedily as possible, and as soon as they were settled in the city Mr. Shirley began to look round for a meeting-place, and he was not very long in discovering what was to be the birth-place of our American Army.

The chair factory had been used in the days of the great war as an hospital. The lower part of it had now become half forge, half stable, the windows and roof were broken, the walls and the earthen floor were blackened with smoke and coal-dust, and when he first went in some animal was tied in the corner. Friends laughed at the very idea of asking Americans to worship in such a place, accustomed, as they were, to every luxury in their meeting-places. But soldiers who have come out of the Salvation factory in Coventry knew more of the power of God than that; and without waiting even for money to fit up the place, beyond a very few planks, by way of platform and seating, father, mother, and daughter determined to open fire on the city. Success crowned their labors, and so important did the opportunity appear, that the General despatched Mr. Railton (now Commissioner), with a party of seven of the now famous Hallelujah Lasses, to take up the work which the Shirleys had commenced. We now have in the United States 710 corps and outposts, and 2,514 officers.

A Professional Burglar.

A professional burglar, five or six times imprisoned in the jails of New York, began career in this line at the age of thirteen. He soon lost all shame and joined a gang of professionals. A brother is in the lunatic asylum through the effects of one of his blows, and his mother died of a broken heart. She had been to see her son once in Sing Sing, and found him with bandaged eyes, which he refused to account for, evading her questions as far as possible. But before she left she heard from one of his fellow-prisoners that for stirring up a rebellion he had been hung up by his wrists until a vein had burst, and that confinement in a dark dungeon had necessitated the bandages on his eyes. Two weeks from that time he was taken, manacled, to his mother's death-bed. Just as he entered the room, he heard his mother whisper, "He's come," but before he could reach her bedside she was dead, and his father only cursed him as the slayer of his mother and the ruin of his home, forbidding him ever to darken its doors again.

After leaving jail he got deeper and deeper into vice and sin, until one day he strolled into an Army hall, penniless and friendless, and heard a young girl on the platform sing,

"Me, me, He pardoned a rebel like me,"

which melted his heart and brought

him out to the penitent form, where he could sing it from experience.

Chorus.

"Me, me, He pardoned a rebel like me," etc.

CANADA.

The Army's first days in Canada were on a very small scale. Jack and Joe, two emigrants (both Salvationists) from the Old Land, came out to make their fortunes in the New. In a cottage meeting, in London, Ont., they first met, and each found that the other was a Salvationist. They commenced holding open-air meetings, a little hall was lent them, where they carried on the services, and some notorious drunkards were saved. They obtained a larger building, and at the opening services the new building, which held between two and three thousand people, was packed, twelve souls were saved, and a free-will offering of \$20 was taken up. These two lads did their duty faithfully to their employers by day, and toiled for souls at night, and when the first Commissioner visited the place they marched at the head of one hundred converts to give him a welcome. A party of officers were sent over from New York to open Canada, in 1882; these two lads were captured for Candidates, and are now known as Brigadier Addie and Major Ludgate, of the United States war.

The fire spread with such rapidity that it soon became necessary to separate the Dominion from the States, forming it into another Commissioner-ship. Wonderful advances were made under the leadership of Commissioner Coombs, who, after several years' service here, was transferred to the command of the Australian work. From the Government downwards the Salvation Army has received in Canada a hearty recognition scarcely to be equalled in any other country. When people, who take the trouble to see for themselves, find amongst our speakers and workers men whom they have known for many years, and who have been drunkards almost from their boyhood, they cannot but value the work that is being done.

Here, for instance, is a man who, in his frequent attacks of delirium tremens, had again and again attempted suicide; a man who used to appear before the magistrate once or twice a month for drunkenness, but who came three miles, out of curiosity, to see the Army for the first time; and, attending three or four services, got converted, and, with his wife, three daughters, and a son-in-law, also saved, established a godly home, and became an earnest laborer for the salvation of others.

Here is another, who says: "Sixteen hours a day curses were in my mouth. I was drunk every Saturday night, and was even in a state of intoxication when at the altar getting married. But on the 5th of June, last year, I took my last drink; and, by God's grace, it shall be my last."

Another says: "Two years ago, as I was lying in the bar-room, I heard the drum, followed to the drill-shed, and got saved. I have had my head cut, eyes blackened and face bruised in the service of the devil; but my home, which was once a hell on earth, is now a little heaven. Instead of teaching the children to curse and swear, I



am teaching them to say, 'Our Father. Which art in heaven.'

Here is a poor girl, for years on the streets, notorious for her drunkenness, which had again and again landed her in prison, now an honest servant-girl, and an upright soldier and speaker as well.

But let it not be supposed for a moment that the Army's successes in Canada have been won amid general applause. In the course of a procession in one of our Canadian cities, three of our soldiers were badly cut in the head, another received a black eye, and the sisters were severely stoned. Our soldiers and officers have also served short terms of imprisonment in other cities, but the authorities in Canada, to their honor be it said, have, as a rule, treated the Army as it deserves. From the judges, who have firmly and emphatically maintained our right to publish salvation everywhere, to the solitary policeman in a little village, who lent a big drum to assist our first marches, those who hold position of influence have, generally speaking, shown themselves on the salvation, rather than on the damnation, side.

At the present time Canada boasts of 877 officers, and 441 corps and outposts.

Chorus.

(Tune.—The Maple Leaf For Ever.)

We're marching on, we're marching on,

We're marching on together ;
God bless our Army round the world,
And keep us true for ever.

AUSTRALIA.

Amongst the congregation which assembled to hear the General in the Elephant and Castle, Stepney, was a wild, profligate milkman, who had wandered far from God, but came broken-hearted that evening to the penitent form, where he sought and found mercy. In 1879 the milkman emigrated to Adelaide, South Australia, together with a builder, who had been converted at our services in Bedford, Yorkshire, and finding there other old Mission soldiers, they united in establishing a Mission station, and immediately reported to the General their first services, urgently calling for officers to be sent them.

So, at the beginning of 1881, Capt. Sutherland, commonly known as "Glory Tom," with his valiant wife, was sent out to take command, and from the date of their arrival to the present time, "Advance, Australia!" has been a fair description of the manner in which our troops on the other side of the water have carried out the colonial motto. Some of the most remarkable cases of conversion were recorded. The latest statistics show 1,729 officers, and 1,241 corps and outposts working.

An Australian newspaper says, "The Army has appeared almost as suddenly as if it had dropped, ready equipped, from heaven, and has shown how the lapsed masses are not only to be reached, but also reclaimed, by pitching into the soul-saving work with whole-hearted earnestness, and bringing sin-laden, broken-hearted, perishing masses into personal contact with

a living, loving, compassionate Saviour—the sinner's Friend."

Quick March!

Pass the word! Pass the word! Quick march sounds clearly!
Gird on the Spirit's sword, leave all loved dearly;
Fall in, each warrior now, no time to dally,
Think of your soldier's vow! Jesus calls—Rally!

Quick march!—Your God appeals!
Quick march! Yet faster!
Haste, till each soldier feels love like the Master.
Rush, as the need demands; go and deliver
Slaves bound with iron bands by tell-deceiver.

Quick march, then, soldiers true!
Charge hell's dark legions!
Quick march! Your duty do! Fight in all regions!
God will protect His own, heed not the morrow,
Faith's sun shall rise and crown the whole world's sorrow.

Sing Song No. 2, on song page.

NEW ZEALAND.

The work was opened in New Zealand by a delicate young officer of only twenty years, whose Lieutenant was only nineteen; but so successful were they that before the year closed ten corps were established in the country. Then the work spread like a prairie fire from the extreme south to the north of the two Islands, until it is estimated that the Salvation Army have the largest congregations of any religious denomination in New Zealand, and the Maoris, or natives, have had Salvation Army missionaries sent into their midst.

Many of these poor, once heathens, are now living conscientious lives, with bright, happy, saved experiences through the Army's work among them. In his testimony, one of these saved Maoris commented thus: "Englishman come; he take our land; he gives gunpowder; we say, 'Cabbage seed'; go plant, but no cabbage, all melt away in the ground; no good. Englishman come; bring Maoris big box soap; we say, 'Good to eat'; put soap in big pot, boil him, all melt away; no good to eat. Englishman come; bring lead. Maori make lead hot to make tomahawk; lead all melt away. Englishman bring fire-water; make Maori bad; fire-water no good; very bad. New Englishman come; bring Maori salvation; salvation make Maori's black heart white; salvation good; salvation no melt away."

The well-known chorus—

"When the chariot's lowering, if I have no sin,
As the angels are hovering, He will take me in.
Jesus, Saviour, can wash away my sin;
Jesus, Saviour, I know He'll take me in."

was suggested by the dying testimony of one of these poor Maoris. The Sergeant of the corps stood by him

as his feet neared death's river. "Oh," he moaned, "I have done so little for God. I have only been converted three short months. The chariot's lowering! I see it! I see it! Will He take me in?"

"Yes," said his comrade, bending closely over the bed, "He will take you in, He will take you in. His precious blood has washed away all your sin."

As the Maori's eyes grew dim and he fell asleep in Jesus, the watchers round his bed heard him whisper, "I see the chariot lowering, and I know He'll take me in, because I have no sin."

Solo.—No. 3 on song page.

FRANCE.

Scarcely had the Australian expedition been launched, when preparations were made for the despatch of the General and Mrs. Booth's eldest daughter, Catherine, to France, whence pressing invitations had recently been received. In a little hall, situated at the end of a Paris alley, up a flight of stairs, the Army flag was first planted, in a poor and communistic quarter. A crowd of rough French ouvriers, dressed in the blue blouse commonly worn by them, and women in their little snowy-white caps, knives and pistols not visible—but there, nevertheless—hugged close to the citizen's breast. A rough, hard crowd, as the words—"They have got in the hall half the cut-throats of Paris"—of the Sergeant of the Police prove. Oh, what a study of vicious faces, that look ready at any moment to do or dare anything, and on the platform only a few young girls! The one who is singing, with face uplifted, you might imagine to be some Catherine of Sienna, or Madame Guyon; a sweet, holy, determined face, thin and worn with work, but full of courage and resolution. The crowd stare in wonder, spellbound and perplexed, as they listen to the simple and heart-stirring song.

And thus the Salvation Army began its work in France. Night after night the little band prayed, sang, and spoke, until they were weary, but the people remained unmoveable, though they came in crowds. A French Christian, who watched these first struggles, turning to Miss Booth, said:

"You had better go home to your mother. The Salvation Army cannot possibly succeed here. Your efforts will be utterly useless."

Perhaps part of this comforting advice might have found an outspoken echo in the heart of one less consecrated. But the suggestion was stifled by the braver answer:

"If I cannot save France, I can die for it," and mother and home were not visited, until the visit could be taken with news of victory.

It seemed as though the first convert would never come, but one night Miss Booth made her way to the back of the hall and sat down by a poor, dissolute working woman; she put her arms around her, and asked her if she did not want Jesus as her Friend and Saviour. "I love you," she said, looking into the woman's face, while her tears fell on the hard-

worked hand. Those tears melted the heart which no amount of preaching would have broken; and this touch of Divine love made the poor woman long to find its source. So before the night was passed the Army's first Parisian convert had risen from the penitent form, washed in the precious blood of Jesus. In France and Switzerland we now have 396 officers and 261 corps and outposts.

A Saved Infidel.

In the Rue Auber Hall, France, a French Colonel, an infidel, was standing out like a rock against Christianity, when his daughter, of thirty, gave herself fully to the Lord in that hall. He was attracted there, but resolved he would never give way, or allow any personal dealing with himself concerning religion. To make assurance doubly sure, he brought what he called a barriade of six gentlemen to sit close around him and resist every attempt upon his soul. But Salvationists are not so easily daunted, and before he could leave his place the barriade itself was surrounded by a kneeling circle, whose believing prayer did its work, and the tall Colonel, in his full military garb, came out from among them, and gave himself up to the living God, who then and there saved him. He has become a child-like believer, feeding on his Bible, which (as a nominal Roman Catholic) he had never read before, praying to a new-found Saviour; delighting, nay, revelling, in communion with a reconciled God. He enjoys carrying "En Avants" for sale in Parisian cafes, as an opportunity of confessing his Lord, and winning men of the world to God.

Chorus.

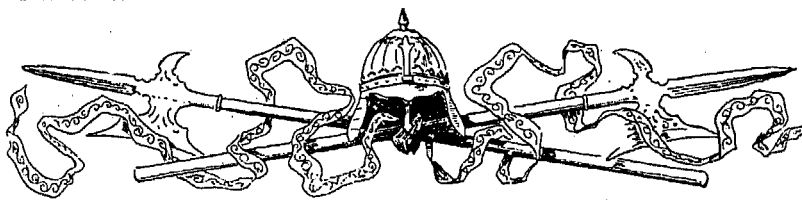
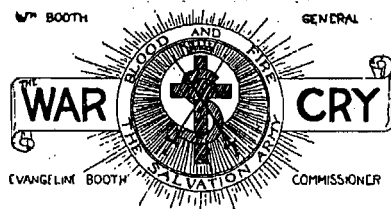
I've found a wonderful Saviour.

SWITZERLAND.

In no other country has the Army encountered more bitter and persistent opposition than in Switzerland, and when, in December, 1882, a handful of earnest Salvationists entered Switzerland with the Gospel message, they were expelled, imprisoned, or handed over the tender mercies of a brutal mob. The meeting-places were besieged, broken open, and literally pillaged. The authorities sided with the mob, closed the halls, forbade the meetings, and expelled the officers. They made arrangements for a meeting to be held in the woods, some five miles distant from Neuchâtel, one of the cantons from which Miss Booth had been expelled, and though no police announcements had been made, the police, who had acquainted themselves with the arrangements by tampering with letters sent through the post, appeared upon the scene soon after the meeting commenced. They did not, however, interrupt the proceedings, which lasted for four hours. Many of the converts testified. Some of them appealed to the Prefect of Police and constables, as knowing what their previous character had been, and pointed their attention to the reformation which had since taken place. It was the first meeting that

(Continued on Page 10.)





The Chief Secretary's Letter

TO

Every Officer and Soldier in the Territory.

Beloved Comrades :—

You will have learned from the War Cry that the Commissioner has been very sick, but, however, we praise God for the very marked improvement which has lately taken place. With all the agonies of body, the anxiety over the outcome of Self-Denial Week has continually been a source of great agitation to her. How could it be otherwise, when we remember the burden of responsibility resting upon the shoulders of a Territorial leader? We also feel that the Self-Denial battle will be fought at a disadvantage, not having the Commissioner's inspiration and help in the same way as former years; although her personal self-denial, mingled with pain, agony and disappointment, will be greater than in former years. We must all, therefore, put forth extra effort, thereby assuring her of our love, loyalty, and sympathy.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Shall we lower the Flag, and expect not to do as well as in former years? Ten thousand times, No! Let it be known that the soldiers of this Territory are not made of that kind of mettle, but that there is amongst us sufficient pluck, dash, holy zeal and intelligence to beat all past records. Then let it be so.

REMEMBER OUR OBLIGATIONS.

We are soldiers of Jesus Christ, not of this world. We seek another country. Nothing we call our own belongs to us. Our body, soul, time and wealth are His; we are only the stewards. God holds us responsible to use these gifts in the most profitable manner. This is equally true of our money. Remember, the eye of the Master is upon us, and He expects us to give ourselves, as well as beg from others, and to give to that extent which will be somewhat in keeping with Him "Who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

WE MUST ALL WORK.

I am very sorry, but I know of no royal road to success without work. Our own gift to God is not sufficient. Others must be called upon, explanations be made; the claims of God's Kingdom placed before the people; conviction brought to the hearts of all; that is the privilege of everyone to share in this noble effort.

EVERYBODY MUST TAKE SOME PART.

Away with all the narrow-mindedness of only a few giving! Let all the people give; every saint of God, irrespective of denomination, or of no denomination, should give to the great work of saving mankind. Souls are perishing, the battle is in progress against the powers of darkness; there is no time to quibble about non-essentials; one hour in Heaven will settle all this. Just at the moment the Salvation Army is engaged in the rescuing of poor fallen humanity. The cry this Self-Denial Week is "Help, Help." Give yourself and your money to God. Those dollars you call yours can be made to save souls. God expects you to put them where they can be the most useful for advancing His Kingdom. This is your responsibility.

LET NO ONE BE MISSED.

The fact that a man is not saved must not be sufficient excuse for not assisting. In the language of the great Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost, we say "Save yourselves." In this case it means give of your money to the people of God, who will use it for the purpose of bringing sinners to God. We often hear of the amount of good that could be done with the wealth owned by God's people, if it were consecrated to the Lord. This may be perfectly true. I am also thinking of the tremendous advantage it would be to the Salvation Army if the sinners offered their wealth to the cause. Without a doubt it would mean that millions of souls would be brought out of darkness into light, and the time would be at hand when "The kingdoms of this world would become the Kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ."

LET IT BE A GREAT VICTORY.

It is within our power that it should be so. I ask your hearty co-operation and assistance to make it such. I speak plainly, the demands of the war require it. If your response is liberal you will be much benefited yourself. The principle of "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," holds good to-day.

Gird on the armor, forth to the conflict! Dare something for God; risk much for His Kingdom; keep the prize in view. So live, fight, and, if needs be, die, that the Master may be able to say: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Yours for war and victory,

Chief Secretary.

Territorial Newslets.

We regret to report little or no improvement in the condition of Adjutant Adams, the Assistant Trade Secretary. The Adjutant left for the Sanatorium at Gravenhurst to-day, where it is hoped that during the next few weeks he will materially benefit.

The Toronto City Council have generously voted an annual grant of \$300 in aid of the Men's Social Department.

Colonel Sowton visited the Canadian Headquarters for the first time this week. The Colonel is an up-to-date Salvationist, and manifested a keen interest in the information given him on Canadian affairs. The Colonel has the direction of the Army's Foreign Work in the U.S.A.

The latest information from Dawson City is encouraging. Business in the S.A. Wood Yard is especially bright, \$300 being the income for wood for one week. Adjutant Barr has been keeping up with the onward march of the country towards civilization by getting a new wagon.

There is every indication of a sweeping Self-Denial victory in Central Ontario. Those attending the officers' and soldiers' Councils conducted by the P.O. and Chancellor this week have been most enthusiastic on its behalf.

The Headquarters Staff are personally doing all possible towards the success of S.D. Several members have already secured their targets, which in every instance have been made substantial. The entire staff will special on S.D. Sunday.

The Eastern P.O. has been having Pentecostal times. On his recent tour 45 souls were saved during the nine visits, besides the acquisition of seven Senior candidates and five corps cadets. Counting the 20 seekers at the meeting in St. John the night before the tour started, the Brigadier has had 65 at the penitent form in two weeks.

Salvation enterprise is making the most of the commercial boom in Cape Breton. A lot has already been secured for a new building at Glace Bay. A lot has also been secured at Sydney.

Self-Denial competition is increasing. Adjt. McAmmond is reported as having backed the Winnipeg corps against the whole Brandon District.

Substantial evidences are abroad that Major Turner and the officers of East Ontario are desperately in earnest on the coming Self-Denial.

Two good meetings were conducted by Staff-Captain Archibald at the Central Prison on Saturday and Monday last, when twenty-five signified their desire to lead a better life.

Twenty-two men have professed conversion in their cells as a result of personal dealing during the past month.

Out of 108 discharges during the month of April, 85 were met and advised by our officers.

The S.A. found situations for 22 men on their discharge from the prisons and jails of Ontario during the same month.

The aforementioned figures are an indication that our prison work is moving apace.

The Editor's family has been increased by another fine boy. Mrs. Friedrich is doing well.

The hall was packed to the doors on the occasion of the visit of the Staff Band to Riverside, 9th Inst. Adjutant Walker knows how to work up a demonstration.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

- Lieut. Harvey to be Captain at Montreal Women's Social.
- Lieut. Cave to be Captain at Heart's Delight, Nfld.
- Cadet Stroud to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Ottawa Rescue Home.
- Cadet Holliday to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Prescott, Ont.
- Cadet Kenny, St. John T. G., to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Fairville, N.B.
- Cadet S. French, St. John's Men's T. G., to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Doting Cove.
- Cadet F. White, St. John's Men's T. G., to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Old Perlican.
- Cadet I. Chronic, St. John's Women's T. G., to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Scilly Cove.
- Cadet E. Gosse, St. John's Women's T. G., to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Dildo.
- Cadet A. Jago, Meaford, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.
- Cadet M. Currell, Hamilton I., to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



Self-Denial Week.

We are on the threshold of Self-Denial Week. The entrance has been the Week of Prayer, and if rightly concluded assures success in this effort. Let us urge people to give. It is both a duty and a privilege to give to the cause of God; a duty, because we are only stewards of our possessions, and God demands that at least a part should be given directly for His work; a privilege, because it is the excellent opportunity of making the most secure and most lucrative investment of our money, since its interest and reward are guaranteed and paid by God Himself, and kept account of in the ledgers of Heaven. We need not hesitate to ask of others in the name of our Master, that His gospel of good-will and true freedom may be proclaimed in every clime, and to all men.

EASTERN RELATIONS.

(By Wire.)

Digby, N.S., May 14.—Victorious Self-Denial tour. Yarmouth visit sealed of God; seventeen souls. Brigadier in fine form. Provincial Self-Denial prospects never better.—Staff-Captain Phillips.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Woolwich, the Government Arsenal centre, was the scene of the General's latest campaign. Three powerful engagements were conducted in the large Drill Hall, where immense congregations assembled. Total at the Mercy Seat, 117.

A successful stone-laying has just taken place at Blackpool, where a new citadel is in course of construction. The Mayor and several prominent citizens took part.

Adjutant Murray, lately home from South Africa, has been promoted to the rank of Staff-Captain.

The Chief of the Staff has just conducted a very remarkable meeting for soldiers and recruits at the Congress Hall. About 1,850 persons were present. The scenes during the prayer meeting were wonderful. About 160 knelt at the Mercy Seat.

The health of Major Eileen Douglas, at present in the United States, is far from encouraging.

Commissioner McKie has returned to Berlin. He was much impressed by his visit to Scotland. As an old leader of the Army's forces in Scotland, Commissioner McKie was able to note the advances made by the Army with peculiar readiness and appreciation.

On the complaint of a Sunderland publican, who is also a town councillor, Ensign Fox has had to appear in the Sunderland Police Court to answer a charge of obstruction. The manager of the house said that people had difficulty in getting into the public house because of the crowd who stood listening to the band. The case was dismissed. The magistrates expressed sympathy with the work of the Army.

Staff-Captain Gregory, one of the General's advance guards, holds a high record amongst Salvation Army officers for punctuality. For twenty years he has never been late for a meeting, except when he has had to go to a deathbed. During twenty years, also, he has only missed one train, and the reason for that occurrence was that the officer who took him to the station mistook the time of departure.

AUSTRALASIA.

A unique stone-laying ceremony was recently performed by the Commandant. Scene—The central tower of the new Federal Training Garrison, an elevation of more than eighty feet. The Commandant laid the top stone of the highest turret of the building. Some fifty officers took part. Immediately after the stone-laying a red-hot prayer meeting was held.

Colonel and Mrs. Estill have conducted some large and enthusiastic meetings in Wellington, New Zealand, under the Colonel's direction, is making some marked advances, both affecting our social and spiritual operations.

The Commandant is announced to visit New Zealand this month.

The following incident happened in Bendigo, Australia: A Chinaman used to supply a woman with vegetables, but he could never get any payment. However, one day while on his round he passed the house and heard this person singing Salvation songs. John went up and said to her: "Me get my money now; Salvashun Army velly good!"

"Yes, John," she said, "you shall have your money," and then paid it, confirming the poor Chinaman's belief in the honesty of Salvationists.

Some time ago Major Cumming, of

The Sacrifice of Kate Douglas.

(To our frontispiece.)

FEW monarchs have left behind them a fairer fame than James I. of Scotland. Generous, high-souled, magnanimous, a scholar and a poet of no mean order, he sought to govern in accordance with the principles of justice—principles which hitherto had met with scant recognition from his subjects. For up to the date of his accession, might had been right in Scotland. The strong plundered the weak; the weak robbed the helpless; the nobles fell to fighting whenever the spirit moved them, and at a whim plunged the country in

The Horrors of Civil War.

To a man of the king's character this lawlessness and barbarity were intolerable. The cruelty of the tyrants fired his indignation, while the suffering of their victims cut him to the heart. He resolved to put an end to this chaos and savagery, to curb the turbulence of his unruly chiefs and to give equal laws to all.

During the whole of his all too brief career (for, unhappily for Scotland, he was king for only fourteen years), he labored incessantly to this high end; but in so doing he could not escape the penalty of all great reformers, for if, on the one hand, he gained the loving regard of the more thoughtful of his people, on the other hand he incurred the undying hate of those who had profited by the old order of things. The freebooting chieftains realized that they were being gradually shorn of their ancient privileges. The right of levying war was theirs no longer. Instead of being a law unto themselves, they found, to their unspeakable disgust, that they were to be bound by the same statutes as the common people! This last was an indignity that no self-respecting chief could endure, and therefore it came about that a number of

The Nobles Grew Bitterly Hostile

to the king, and set themselves more or less secretly to compass his death. Foremost amongst those enemies was a certain Sir Robert Graham, whom James had once mortally offended by committing him to prison for a breach of the law. So deeply had the pride of the Graham been wounded by this indignity that he openly renounced his allegiance, and, flying to the highlands, vowed that he would kill the king with his own hand. Thus forewarned, James should, of course, have been forearmed; but, like many another honest man, so confident was he in the integrity of his own motive, that he scorned the precautions which one less innocent would have taken.

It was the winter of 1437, and the royal court had traveled north to celebrate the Christmas festival in Perth. There being no palace or castle in the city, the king and queen and their immediate attendants had taken up their residence in the Abbey of Black Friars, while the guard were quartered in the neighboring town. The king and queen were thus left almost unprotected, and seeing that Perth lies within sight of the Grampians, where it was known that the Graham lay, biding his time, it must be admitted that the prudence of the king was no match for his magnanimity.

The 20th of February was a gala day in Perth, and the court had spent it in hunting and feasting. During

their absence the conspirators had gained access to the abbey, where they broke the locks and

Removed the Bars

from the doors of the royal chambers. This was unhappily unnoticed by the hunting party, who, on their return from the chase, sat down to a sumptuous banquet and passed the evening in mirth and gaiety.

It was just midnight. The last of the guests had departed, and the king was chatting gaily with the queen and her women before retiring to rest. Suddenly the chamber was lit up by a lurid red glare from without. The women fell silent and looked at each other terrified. The king sprang to the window. The garden below was ablaze with torches and full of armed men. James knew his danger in an instant. "The Graham!" he cried, and he called to the women to keep the door while he sought means of escape. He tried the windows, but they were barred; the doors—they only led him to the enemy. Escape there was none. He was caught like a rat in a pit, with never so much as a dagger to defend him.

As he stood thus baffled, looking on all sides for a chance of safety, one of the women remembered that there was an old disused vault under the chamber. James seized the fire tongs and by dint of superhuman exertions succeeded in wrenching up some planks in the flooring. He disappeared just as the clang of armed men was heard hurrying down the passage. Keep them out! At any cost, keep them out until the planks were in their place again! The queen smote at them with all her strength, but they would not sink level with the floor, and every instant those dreadful feet were hurrying nearer and nearer. "Bar the door!" she cried, and the women sprang to obey her, but—treachery! the bars had been removed, and the locks were all broken. What was to be done? Time was everything. A King's life hung on a second.

The assassins were at the door. Was there nothing to stop them? Yes, there was this. Kate Douglas, the Queen's favorite maid, had

Thrust Her Arm Through the Staples

—a bar of flesh and blood. The conspirators were checked. They tried the door, but Kate, with clenched teeth, clung to her post. The queen toiled on with the frenzy of love and despair, and the planks were at last driven back to their place as the assassins burst into the chamber, and Kate, with her arm broken, fell fainting to the floor.

It is a thousand pities that this is not the end of the story. But alas, Kate's heroism was only temporarily successful. At first, indeed, the murderers were baffled, and they searched the Abbey in vain; but the secret vault was known to some of them, and they, returning to the chamber, wrenched up the floor, discovered the king and barbarously butchered him before the eyes of his Queen.

These were dark days in Scotland, but even at their blackest they were from time to time illuminated by bright deeds of love and loyalty. Kate's devotion has been the theme of poets and historians, and such was the people's pride in their heroine that they gave her a name of honor, and knew her henceforth as Kate Barlass.

G. K. M.

COLONEL JACOBS AT YORKVILLE.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs conducted the afternoon and night meetings at Yorkville on Sunday, 12th inst. The weather was very unfavorable, but nice crowds attended the meetings and a very profitable time was spent. The Colonel dealt faithfully with the people for eternity, and in the night meeting had the joy of seeing five souls seeking salvation.—Visitor.

MAJOR PICKERING AND STAFF-CAPT. STANYON AT LIPPINCOTT.

(Special.)

Major Pickering loyally received at Lippincott Corps Sunday, May 12th. Bad weather, but grand meetings, large, and appreciative hearers, good finances and six seekers. Officers, locals, bandsmen, soldiers, adherents, agree that the Major is just the P.O. to create interest in S.A. circles in this part of the City. Staff-Capt. Stanyon (Chancellor) assisted all day, and is always welcome at Lippincott. We extend a standing invitation to Major and Mrs. Pickering to visit us. Detailed report following.—A. G.

SPIRITUAL SPECIALS AT INGERSOLL.

A Wonderful Week-End—God Moving Upon the Crowds—Pentecostal Power Prevails—Up to the Present 53 Seekers.

Our first week-end at Ingersoll has been a God-glorifying time, with 19 seekers for pardon and purity. Twenty-nine met at 7 a.m. in the Junior barracks to invoke God's blessing upon the day's fighting, and what a time we had, to be sure!

The holiness meeting was a feast, and a number came out to the table to dedicate their lives to the Lord. Some loved ones who had left the corps came back, and are taking their old stand.

The afternoon's meeting was O.K. "Empty Places" was the theme, and the bandmaster and another wanderer returned to the fold amidst exclamations of delight on the part of the soldiers.

But the crowning time was at night, when nine more sought the Lord, three out of one family. There was a man and his dear wife kneeling side by side and giving themselves up for united service for God.

What open airs we had, to be sure, and the congregations were double the ordinary.

The End Is Not Yet.

We are anticipating a mighty week-end and an enrolment of recruits on the Monday night at our farewell meeting.

Staff-Captain Manton has been under the weather with sore throat and dyspepsia, but a tallow poultice cured the first named ill and a one-meal-a-day system is settling the latter. He is now quite well again, and is pitching in with his old-time vim.

Adj. Blackburn gave us a helping hand on Sunday. God bless him!

Yours in the field of battle,
J. S. Pugmire, Brigadier.

LOANS.

We invite the correspondence of any persons having money to invest. We can offer the most reliable security with fairly good interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,
Territorial Headquarters,
Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

Envoy T. A. Magee is vigorously prosecuting the work of the S.A. among the villages of East Ontario. Wakefield is the latest opening, and is reported to be doing well.

REVIVALISTS AT INGERSOLL.

(Extra Special.)

Glorious Sunday. Thirty-four seekers since we opened fire in Ingersoll. Soldiers exultant, and kept up a steady fire all day. Thirty-five at knee drill. Young converts to the front. Eighteen accepted articles of war, and will be enrolled to-morrow night under the Flag. Self and Staff-Captain Manton weary, but happy. Hallelujah!—Brigadier Pugmire.

Java, went round to nearly all the corps holding limelight services. At a place called Wonosobo, the capital of the division in which the district of Sapoeran is included, a limelight meeting was held, and on this occasion the Assistant-Resident ordered the native band to play, thinking to stir things up and add to the interest. The officers at one place invited the local gaoler to the limelight and cinematograph display, whereupon he not only came himself, but brought all the native prisoners with him. Needless to say, the latter thoroughly enjoyed the proceedings.

Round the World

W. T. I.

The Salvation Army.

Continued from Page 7.)

the Prefect had attended, and he admitted, subsequently, that he had been greatly misinformed as to the character of the work, and that after what he had heard he could only wish it well. At the same time he announced it as his painful duty to arrest Miss Booth and Capt. Becquet for disobedience to the decree. Bail was accepted for a few days, in order to enable Miss Booth to attend the funeral of a convert at Geneva, and on the 17th September, 1883, she surrendered herself to the authorities, and was confined for twelve days in the Neuchatel prison. Then came the trial. The Marechale's defence produced a profound impression upon the court. A woman who was present, and who had been heard to say before that she would like to kill Miss Booth with a pitchfork, was observed with tears rolling down her cheeks at the conclusion of the address. A verdict of "Not guilty," was given, and the judge pronounced the acquittal of the accused, who left the court with hearts full of praise for their deliverance. "To jail with them!" exclaimed a young fellow, who had been perched upon a ledge watching the proceedings. But the words were scarcely out of his lips when the pedestal gave way, and he fell headlong on an officer of the court, and was marched off to the lock-up, in the place of those for whom he desired a similar fate. In spite of much persecution since, the work has continued to extend and is now making rapid advances. While in prison the Marechale composed the following beautiful verses: (give out first verse)—

Recite or sing Song No. 4 on song page.

INDIA.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker was the founder of our work in India. Upon this great mission he was dispatched on the 23rd of August, 1882, with his wife, and a few English officers. The Bombay police took fright at the terrible invasion of these six men and woman, and the Commissioner was soon in prison. Nothing could possibly have helped us so much, for as all our officers were, of course, in native dress, it was felt throughout the whole country that the real friends of the natives, the one set of Englishmen who had come to live amongst them, and on their level, for their good, were set upon by the Christian Government as no other company of religionists had been, and were condemned needlessly, if not unjustly, to cruel treatment.

Huge sympathetic meetings were held in Calcutta and elsewhere, and the native papers, almost all, rallied to our support. For the first time Hindoos and Mohammedans were united in defending the followers of Jesus Christ, who were ready to go down to any depth, yes, even to prison, in order to reach the poor, to whom they had come with the glad tidings they brought.

Wherever the Commissioner, alone, or with one or two of his officers, appeared, the masses came out, not to treat him with the hostility which the Bombay authorities had predicted, but with every sign of sympathy and interest. And all along, down to the present day, both in India and Ceylon, the story has been the same, and the work has gone on with marvelous results. A few years ago, during a visit of the General to India, no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five Hindoos sought salvation in a single meeting. 1,444 corps and outposts are being worked in India, by 1,179 officers. A number of Canadian officers have consecrated their lives to God for the salvation of India, and are now laboring there.

Song No. 5 on page 16.

SOUTH AFRICA.

On the 30th of January, 1883, Major Simmonds and his wife, with a young

Lieutenant, sailed from the Thames to establish the Army in the Cape Colony. On their arrival at Cape Town they were received by a crowd more inclined to greet them with hootings and mud than with welcomes and smiles.

They had great difficulty to obtain a meeting-place at the onset, and when they had got a large drill hall for the first Sunday's meetings, it was only to encounter opposition in its most puzzling form. An overwhelming crowd, largely consisted of well-dressed young men, packed the building; but the interruptions during the service were such as to make it difficult for the speakers to be heard. One excellent young churchman, who had volunteered to assist them in keeping door, and so on, on rising from his knees after prayer, found that someone had been cutting his clothes to pieces; and by-and-bye the lights were put out, and every effort made to bring the meeting to a sudden and riotous termination. When the gas was extinguished some two hundred of the young sparks struck matches: There was a lot of screaming, one woman fainting on the platform; but five of those who helped to disturb that night were afterwards converted.

However, the work continued to advance, and other corps were opened. In almost every meeting-place it has been customary for the services to be disturbed by well-dressed white men;

made, and a number of souls were saved and sanctified. Among them was a Miss Ouchterlony, who was so inspired with the conviction that the Salvation Army would accomplish a mighty work in her country, that, finding letters ineffectual, she visited England for the purpose of personally representing its claims. The General, however, did not see his way clear to send officers. Miss Ouchterlony, undaunted by this disappointment, declared she would be a Salvation Army in herself. Returning to Sweden, she took a hall in Gothenburg, where she commenced a successful series of meetings. Thinking that the more encouraging prospects would move the General's heart, she again visited England, accompanied by one of her converts. Mrs. Booth was much affected by her devotion and persistence, and Miss Ouchterlony had at length the satisfaction of returning to her country with a party of five officers for the establishment of the work. She was promoted to be a Major, and afterwards a Commissioner, remaining for ten years in charge of the Swedish work, where she has been loved and honored by all classes alike. 928 officers, and 486 corps and outposts are now recorded here.

Drunken Johan.

As a rule, the Swedes are not the noisiest individuals under the sun, but quiet, polite, cautious, thinking twice

"I WAS AN HUNGERED, AND YE GAVE ME MEAT."



Indian Famine Children Rescued by the Salvation Army now traveling in Australia.

but in the midst of the disturbance souls have been saved, and a corps formed. Then when the open-air processions have begun to be large and powerful, there has been some attempt to interfere with them by legal action, only to end, of course, in failure for the enemy, and further victory for the Army.

Through such scenes the advance has veen steadily pushed on, year after year, until now we have 287 officers and 31 corps and outposts.

The Salvation Army has figured prominently in coming to the aid of the wounded and dying soldiers during the South African war.

Chorus.

So we'll gird on the armor and rush to the field, etc.

SWEDEN.

The history of the Swedish expedition is particularly interesting. It was just four years since Mr. Bramwell Booth had visited the country in company with some Army friends, to recruit his shattered health. His presence had soon become whispered abroad, and it had been impossible to resist the invitations to hold private meetings, which were pressed upon him. English is very much spoken in Sweden, and even where it is not generally understood translators are plentiful. Singularly simple-hearted and receptive of the truth, the Swedes are amongst the best listeners in the world. A powerful impression was

before they leap once. Johan was an exception, and his hasty, uncontrollable character became the source of much misery and suffering. When quite a youngster, he was sent to Sunday School, but the lessons failed to make any effect on his young sinful heart. A drunken father also encouraged him in his devilry. At the age of twelve he was taken to the public house by his father, and even in his childish days an appetite for intoxicants was created in him, so that before he reached the age of thirteen years he was known to be so drunk that he could not walk, and had to be driven home in a sledge. He went from bad to worse, and spent several years in prison for thieving. At the conclusion of one of his terms of imprisonment, he went home to his father, but was refused admittance. He forced his way in, however, and immediately pitched his father out-of-doors, and, with an axe in his hand, dared either policeman or anyone else to come near him. When he was tired of this he gave himself into the hands of the police, and was again condemned to two years, at His Majesty's expense. Then he received another two years for striking his father. This was his last term inside iron doors and prison bars. Shortly after his release, he heard of the Salvation Army, came to the meetings, made his way to the Cross, and received the forgiveness of God.

Chorus.

His blood can make the vilest clean.

NORWAY.

That the first shot in Norway should be the result of previous shots fired in the sister land of Sweden is not surprising. The Army takes root wherever the tiniest sprig from the parent tree may happen to be cast. 'Twas a tradesman of Christiana, who had seen the Army in Sweden, who, by his importunity, succeeded in getting the flag planted in his native land. His "importunity," too, was of a helpful kind, for he built a hall to house the first Norwegian corps. Commissioner Railton, with a party of officers from England, was appointed to lead the attack, but they were delayed, so that the opening day was well over by the time they arrived. Kommandor Ouchterlony, from Sweden, therefore, had the honor of firing the first shot of an eventful war. Such was the eagerness of the people to hear that, when all standing room in the hall had been occupied, people stood for hours amidst the snow in the yard, merely to enjoy the singing.

The Market Square, Christiana, is remarkable as being the scene of the first open-air meeting held by the Army in Norway, and one of the first in Europe. Law and custom seem almost everywhere against everything in the way of open-air effort for God and souls, but Commissioner Ouchterlony fought for our rights with such persistency that the Norwegian Parliament at length declared it quite legal for the Army to save souls "under the blue canopy," and this victory was signaled by a gigantic convention, with souls saved on the great Market Square of Norway's capital city. 121 corps and outposts are at present being worked in Norway by 393 officers.

A Christiana Soldier.

This was a man who, for years, had kept a bogus labor bureau. His plan of campaign was to concoct an advertisement of a splendid situation, which would tempt the impecunious clerk, shorthand, or whatever worker it might fit. Thirty or forty would flock for it, paying an entrance fee, which was to be refunded if they did not, within a certain period, obtain a suitable situation through his agency. Usually, before the end of the time, they tired of waiting, being told that the situation was not yet actually vacant, or retreated in disgust before the assurance that it had been given to a young man who had applied just before them. Many never came back for their money. He always took care to have a second attractive situation on hand by the time their claims would fall due, so that his fresh crop of dues might meet all claims. But his long experience taught him that the creditors who never came back would always be numerous enough to afford him a comfortable living. This sort of thing went on, unsuspected, for years. Then he was saved in the Army, and felt that since it was impossible for him to trace all his victims and make restitution to them, he must give satisfaction to outraged law and justice. He told his wife what he meant to do.

"I will kill you and myself too, rather than that you shall disgrace us all," she said. But he informed against himself.

The police professed to believe his story was a fabrication, although it seemed difficult to comprehend his motive. "Someone must charge you," they said. "We cannot take your confession as evidence." So he hunted out as many people he had defrauded as he could find, and told them.

Incredible as it seems, nearly thirty prosecuted him. The magistrate before whom he came was very hard on him, and gave him thirty days on bread and water. But he came out tranquil and glad, at peace with God and man, and became a good soldier.

Chorus.

Peace, peace, sweet peace.

DENMARK.

Our first meeting in Copenhagen was crowded, persons of every class being glad to rub shoulders on this occasion; lawyers, merchants, ministers, priests, shopkeepers, students, and representatives of all the lower ranks, while here and there all over the place were reporters with their notebooks. Of this meeting Major

Perry, the pioneer officer, writes as follows: "Some explanations as to our work at home and abroad, and our motive in coming to Denmark, were blended with songs, prayers, and testimonies, and when I asked for a volunteer for salvation, one could have heard the proverbial pin, if it had dropped.

In a minute a big Dane, of some forty years, raised his arm and intimated that he wanted to be saved. Talk about excitement! The whole body of people were much astonished. What! could these anti-Christians, this foreign Army, this new sect, win a convert right at the beginning of the fight, and right under the eyes of all the bigwigs? Yes! Hallelujah! and not only one, for no sooner was this man at the penitent form than another man, and then a woman followed, and all three got saved. We had hardly got the first man saved before a reporter was at his elbow to interview him for his 'experience.' The poor fellow was naturally a bit bashful in his new-found joy, and expressed a wish 'not to become too popular.' But the reporter knew his business, and that one meeting is described in a two-column article in a Copenhagen paper, which finishes up by publishing the names, addresses, and occupations of the first three converts!

"The afternoon meeting was jammed out, and again at night we had a tremendous time. Our friends of the boisterous element were now present in great numbers; every song brought forth 'Bravo! Bravo!' and loud clapping of hands, every speaker was complimented or otherwise, loudly and graphically. We sung for half-an-hour, but the babel continued. One man jumped on a seat, and in very passionate language began a violent harangue against this new sect. Three or four quietly-disposed people, who wanted to hear for themselves, tried to get him down, and all over the place people scrambled on to the seats to see the row.

"We kept smiling and singing. The police master was present in plain clothes and kindly offered us the assistance of some constables who were outside; but I knew we could manage, so went on with the meeting. Eventually we got perfect order and one soul at the penitent form; we should have got many more, but the minute the poor fellow knelt at the penitent form everybody became unmanageable in their desire to see him get saved."

In a short time, however, the people began to understand us, and one and another came trembling to the penitent form, well-dressed people kneeling by the side of poor wandering vagabonds, all seeking the same Saviour. A man and wife, after a wretched life and a separation, met at the penitent form here. A wayward boy, who had spent his time in work-houses and jail, both in Denmark and Germany, got saved with his mother and sister. A policeman and his wife, and two students were also among the first converts. The latest statistics show 134 corps and outposts, and 315 officers.

Sing No. 6 on song page.

FINLAND.

Brigadier Haartman, an educated Finnish lady, was largely the means of introducing the Army to her country. From the first God blessed the movement; crowds of poor, hard-working, non-churchgoers got saved, drunkards, blasphemers, and liars were transformed, and despite physical and financial crimes, a tax upon buildings, fines, imprisonments, and expulsions, the work has been maintained, and we now have 39 corps and outposts and 106 officers here.

In Finland two perfectly different languages are spoken—Finnish and Swedish. The Finns are a poor, but an industrious and persevering people, inclined to seek and serve God. But the flood of brandy that pursues its ruinous course in the country has spoiled many a home, and brought with it much misery and sorrow, both amongst the rich and the poor, the young and the old. Not only in the towns, but all over the country, one can watch the destroying influence and consequence of drink.

Our first Finn convert belonged to one of the noblest families of Finland. The story of his conversion is touch-

ing. He was dissatisfied with his life, and many a night, alone in his room, he rose from his bed and prayed—his heart crying aloud for salvation. He says: "I spoke of my need to many ministers, but none could point me to the Lamb of God." Some time after, in his agony of soul, his eyes were directed to that verse that has healed so many sin-stricken souls, "I will forgive their iniquity, I will remember their sin no more." Immediately the burden fell from his shoulders, and he straightway set to work for God, and there was quite an awakening in his neighborhood. When the Salvation Army came to Finland, he cast in his lot with them, and became a good soldier and afterwards an officer.

Chorus.

Tell it again.

GERMANY.

It was in the Spring of 1887, when Staff-Capt. Schaaf, a German, who joined the Salvation Army in New York, commenced work at Stuttgart. Like an electric shock spread the news through the city, and every night great crowds flocked to the S. A. hall. All sorts of police regulations followed quickly, which, in spite of the liberty which the law of the country gives to dissenters, reached their climax in an order that only such persons were to be allowed to attend the meetings of the S. A. who could present a card, signed by the Captain, and bearing the name of the holder and date, and which was only good to attend one meeting. Of course, it was difficult to find an S. A. officer to carry out such orders, and for this reason one or more policemen—sometimes six or seven—stood at the entrance to control the tickets.

Think what it means to get a drunkard converted under such difficulties! He has to be hunted up in day-time, his name has to be ascertained in order to give him a ticket, and then you have to persuade him to make his way through the scrutinizing police force. This condition exists to this day in the first Army corps in Germany. During the last year there has been even a more stringent measure added by the police, in forbidding that tickets should be issued after seven o'clock in the evening. In spite of all these police endeavors to seal up the corps, many precious cases of conversion have taken place there, which to this day are standing faithful to the flag, and we are working 89 corps and outposts, and have 244 officers.

Among the young men who were saved in the early days of Stuttgart was an especially wild boy, who, on account of his daring tricks, was well-known to the police. His conversion was looked upon as a "strohfeuer" (straw-fire), but the straw-fire has endured, and is burning brighter to-day than ever. As a soldier, Cadet, and officer, he has experienced many storms; hundreds of souls have found salvation through him, and in Germany, as well as the United States, he has opened many corps.

Chorus.

I have a Saviour Who's mighty to save.

ITALY.

In 1887 the Army made its first attempt in Rome, under the leadership of Major Vint, but the difficulties were so great that the Major's health gave way, and, in fact, his death, two years later, was undoubtedly due to the strain produced during his Italian fight. This break-down, and the difficulty of finding suitable Italians to carry on the work, together with the heavy financial burden, caused the General to withdraw from Rome until more favorable circumstances should present themselves.

But in the Providence of God it was not very long before an unexpected door was opened for us in the Waldensian Valleys—a northern outpost of the Italian Kingdom. The inhabitants of these valleys have, for centuries, in spite of the most bitter and cruel persecution from their Catholic neighbors, preserved a primitive form of Christianity, which is closely allied to the Protestantism of the various modern evangelical churches; but in spite of the past glorious history of the Waldensians, the simple faith of

their forefathers was fast becoming a thing of the past, religious indifference and avarice had crept in, while drunkenness and devilry were by no means unknown. There were, however, many devoted Christians among them who deplored the degenerate state of their church, and in answer to their prayers for religious awakening, a remarkable revival broke out, largely owing to the labors of an English lady—Miss Green. Amongst those who received blessing was Fritz Malan, a Waldensian, who had seen the Army in London a few years previously. He, and others, succeeded in persuading the General to send officers to the Waldensian Valleys, in January, 1891. Malan himself was one of the first to be enrolled, and it is he who, as Major Malan, has since made the acquaintance of thousands in various parts of the world.

The success of the Salvation Army in these Valleys is now an assured fact. We are working 23 corps and outposts, and have 34 officers.

Some of the most disreputable characters have been thoroughly and soundly converted. The work of our devoted officers here is as varied as it is trying. The population is small and scattered, and engaged chiefly in agricultural pursuits. This means many hours tramping over rough and steep mountain paths, which, in winter, are really dangerous, and, in summer, most exhausting.

The people themselves live in the most primitive style, but are ever ready to share with our officers their frugal fare of black bread, chestnuts, or "polenta" (a kind of thick porridge made from maize flour). In summer the repast is taken under the shade of the neighboring vine or fig tree, and in the winter on a rickety bench in the cowshed. This latter for the sake of the warmth produced by the presence of the animals, becomes the resort of the family during the winter months. It is here that many of our outpost and cottage meetings are held, and not a few souls can date their spiritual birth from one of the humble sheds.

Chorus.

This is where you'll find us.

JAMAICA.

In February, 1888, Colonel Davey and family, with Blind Mark, began the Army operations in Jamaica. The "fear and anxiety" of the Mayor of Kingston ran so high that when the Colonel, anxious to comply with local laws, etc., and desirous of learning upon what terms the public buildings could be obtained, waited upon him, he was received with anything but courtesy. His Worship had heard enough of the Army; could not entertain the idea; was afraid of the rush of people; did not approve of the way in which the Army worked, and would not have any of it in the Town Hall. The opening service was held on Sunday afternoon on a lawn. Between four and five thousand people attended, and three persons at the close sought salvation. In May of the same year an officer reports that on a Sunday thirty souls sought and found salvation, while about eighty thousand people were present at the meetings. Thousands of black and colored people were at each meeting, and all listened with rapt attention. We now have 102 corps and outposts, and 111 officers here.

Jamaica is celebrated for its rum. Each street has its "rum shops," licensed to sell liquid damnation, and we are informed that in the lowlands, where the sugar estates are, proof spirit is given away by the gallon. Men, women and children drink rum.

Then tobacco grows wild here, and is largely cultivated. You may get a thousand cigars of native manufacture for fifteen shillings, and the tobacco leaves, when dried and twisted, at about threepence a yard. It is a common thing to see little boys of eight or ten years of age smoking in the streets; and a great many of the women smoke, too. Yet, since the Salvation Army has been there, hundreds of men and women have given up both rum and tobacco for the love of Christ, and many others have heard for the first time in their lives that God requires them to do the same. The sick, the dying and the poor are seeking us night and day, and people throng us in the street to know the way of salvation.

Sing No. 7 on song page.

JAPAN.

Colonel Wright, Major Esu Charon and a few others landed in Japan at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, September 4, 1895. About two hundred persons, mostly Japanese in semi-European dress, were waiting their arrival. On the part of the Japanese great curiosity speedily merged into appreciation, and on the part of the few Europeans a strong effort to disguise their interest and appear unconcerned, immediately followed by a verdict against them. Their first night was spent on board ship, and they squatted down on the deck in the moonlight for their first meal. After supper they started out to view the land and observe something of the habits of the people. They found themselves in the European quarter, and passed a public house in which a piano was being thumped as an accompaniment to a man's lusty voice. He was singing:

The Salvation Army has come!
The Salvation Army has come!
Lord, have mercy upon us,
The Salvation Army has come!

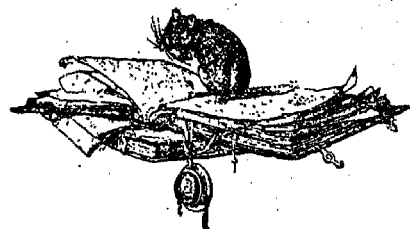
A reception had been arranged for at a native hotel on the following morning, and they were received with most elaborate prostrations and bows. The Japanese are very amiable and polite. For their first native meal they gathered in a large room, open on every side because of the removal of shutters. A small mat, about eighteen inches square, was placed for each person in a circle or square, and opposite each is placed a small tray, on legs about nine inches high. On this tray are several small dishes, and on removing the covers you find fish, soup and vegetables. The empty one is for the rice, which the girl, squatted in the middle, after several elaborate bows, begins to serve out from a large covered bowl by her side. Tea, pale but strong, was served up in tiny china cups, with oblong metal saucers, with not a semblance of milk or sugar to destroy the flavor, and last, but not least in interest, was the chopsticks. The manipulation of the chopsticks is an art; it looks simplicity itself until you come to try it. Both sticks are held in the right hand, the first very much as you would hold a pen to write, the second close by and resting on the third finger. By a delicate movement of the thumb and fingers, the smallest grain of rice may be picked up and carried to the mouth.

The language difficulty is one nobody can properly appreciate except the man who has passed through it. You are entirely at the mercy of an interpreter, who repeats to the audience some things you say and takes the liberty of omitting others, and point-blank refuses to interpret things which he considers of an unpleasant character. In the midst of a prayer meeting one night the Colonel's interpreter stopped to argue with him that it was very unfair to expect him to invite the people to the penitent form for the third time. He had asked them to come twice, and it was an offence to the Japanese to press them further. He declined, and so they had to close the meeting.

However, our comrades at once set to work to learn the Japanese language; the work went on, souls were saved, and at the first swearing-in of soldiers about fifty signed the Articles of War. A young Buddhist priest was captured, who went down in the country two hundred miles to tell his parents of his new-found joy before offering himself for service. He had doffed his Buddhist robes, and gone down with a copy of the New Testament in his hands.

We have in Japan 16 corps and outposts, and 44 officers.

Sing in conclusion Song No. 3.





PILGRIM'S PROGRESS A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

By CAPTAIN COPPERFIELD.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

So in the morning they all got up, and after some salutations they told him that he should not leave until they had shown him what was worth seeing in that place. So first of all they

Led Him into the Study,

where they showed him ancient records, including the pedigree of the Lord of the Hill, showing that He was the Son of the Ancient of Days, and came by an eternal generation. Here also was fully recorded the acts He had done and the names of many He had taken into His service. And how that He had placed them in such habitations that could, neither by length of days, nor decays of nature, be destroyed.

Then they read to him some of the worthy acts that some of His servants had done; how they had subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Then they read again in another part of the records, where it was shown how willing their Lord was to receive into His favor any, even though they had previously offered opposition to His person and proceedings. Here, also, Christian saw histories of many other noted things, ancient and modern, together with prophecies and predictions of things to come, both good and evil.

A Visit to the Trade Department.

CHAPTER XII.

The next day they took him and led him into the Trade Department, where they showed him swords, uniforms, guides, shields, breast-plates,

cornets, drums, song books and Army boots that would not easily wear out.

They also showed him some of the implements with which some of His servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses' rod, Miriam's tambourine, the hammer and nail with which Jael slew Sisera, the uniform that Moses commanded the children of Israel to wear, the pitchers, cornets and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of the Midianites. Also the cattlewhip with which Shamgar slew 600 men. Also Samson's jawbone, and General Booth's drum. They showed him,



"They took him, and led him into the Trade Department."

moreover, the sling and the stone that David used, and the armor he threw aside. Also an advance copy of the latest War Cry.

They showed him, besides, many interesting things, with which Christian was much delighted. This done, they had prayers, and went to their rest again.

Then I saw in my dream that the next day he got up to proceed on his journey, but they desired him to stay until the morrow, and then promised that, if the day was clear, they would show him the Holy Mountains, which were nearer Zion than where he was; so he consented to remain. When the sun was up, therefore, they took him to the top of the house and told him to look toward the south.

So he did, and saw in the distance a most pleasant range of mountains, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers, springs and waterfalls, wonderful to behold. Through some glasses that they lent him he could see it all plain, and the sight gladdened his heart.

Now he thought of making a start on his journey, and they were willing that he should. But first, said they, we must commend you to God in prayer, and ask Him to baptize you with His Holy Spirit. So they bid him read from his Roll, and afterwards they all knelt around in silent but believing prayer. Then it was as if a wind blew into the room, and the Holy Spirit alighted upon him like a dove. He was filled with the fulness of the Spirit, and felt that he was indeed cleansed from all sin. And yet he wept; not from sorrow, nor even from joy, but because his heart was melted towards God, and for others less blessed than himself. "The best of the wine of the Kingdom has indeed been reserved until the last," said he, rising up. "Praise the Lord, it is glory in my soul!"

Then they brought to him as presents things that would be a help to him on the way to Zion, such as a sword and shield, a solo book and cornet. And they all walked with him to the gate, where they bid him God-speed.

At the gate he asked the porter if any pilgrim had lately passed by. "Yes," answered the porter, "one who told me that his name was Friend Faithful."

"Praise the Lord!" said Christian.



"So he did, and saw in the distance a most pleasant range of mountains."

"I know him; he is my townsman, and was a neighbor of mine. How far do you think he is by this time?"

"He is gone a good distance, but you will overtake him," said Sergeant Come-to-Stay.

"Well," said Christian, "good-bye; the Lord be with you, and reward you for all your kindness to me."

Then he began to move off, but to his joy saw the sisters, Consecration, Faith, Hope and Love coming to walk with him to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, conversing as they went. Said Christian, "As it was difficult coming up, so it seems dangerous going down." "Yes," said Sister Hope, "so it is; for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Poverty without making a slip by the way. That is why we have come to keep you company." Yet Christian made one or two little slips.

(To be continued.)

BATTLES & BULLETINS

Self-Denial Week Is Here.

Amherst, N.S.—We have just been favored with a visit from our worthy P.O., Brigadier Sharp, accompanied by Captain Fleming, the sweet singer, Adj. Byers, our D.O., Captain Green and Lieut. McLellan, from Sackville. With such an army of consecrated blood and fire talent, something must give way. We rejoiced over four souls at the mercy seat, also four recruits enrolled. Our Captain is working hard under very discouraging circumstances. Her Cadet has been sick for about a month. We are praying that she may soon be restored. We are still marching on in the strength of our King, and have now four candidates who have decided to consecrate all to the service of God and the salvation of souls. Amherst is making good increases since the change of officers.—Star in the East.

Brantford.—After laboring faithfully in our midst for about ten months, Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray have said good-bye and have gone to another field of labor. During their stay with us the corps has grown both spiritually and numerically. On their farewell Sunday the Adj. had the pleasure of enrolling no less than ten comrades. We pray God's blessing upon them in their new appointment. Our new leader, Adj. Cameron, has arrived safely, and the comrades have done their utmost to make him welcome. With Adj. Cameron and Captain Coleman at the helm, we are going to sail straight ahead. A good beginning was made on their first Sunday together, when three souls came to Jesus and cried for mercy.—O. Shoemaker.

Bridgewater, N.S.—At last the long-looked-for visit of Captain Ebsary,

Lunenburg, came on Monday. Captain Ebsary for the first time stood before the people of Bridgewater. A very good crowd was present, and the best of order prevailed. The Captain spoke and sang very nicely, and we all invite him back again. On Tuesday night a young man who had wandered from the fold returned, and we believe got his sins pardoned.—Reporter.

We are Working Hard for Our Target

Burin, Nfld.—This corps is somewhat hard to work, on account of living far apart. Some of them live about three and six miles from the barracks, and have to come by boat to the meetings. However, God is helping us to do a little for His Kingdom. Souls are getting saved. Last Sunday night was a hot time for the devil. It was too hot; he had to run, and three precious souls cried to God for mercy. Sergt. Mrs. Foote is doing a great work at Pardy's Island with the children. Forty-three attended the J.S. Company meetings, some of whom are saved and living for God. May God bless Mrs. Foote and her assistant, Sister Mary Mayo, whose heart is in her work. Self-Denial is all the go. We are going to work hard for our target, and come out on top. Victory is our motto.—Capt. and Mrs. Janes.

God Is Helping Us.

Campbellford.—Last Thursday night we held our Juniors' Annual. A good program was given, consisting of drills, songs, recitations and music. Sunday's meetings were good, and God did wonderfully bless us. We are praying and believing for a break in the devil's ranks soon.—Noisy H. S.

Clark's Beach.—We have just had a visit from our new P.O. and his

wife, much to the delight of the soldiers and friends. A splendid crowd greeted them, and a good impression was made. We like them well, and will be glad to have them pay us another visit at an early date. The work of God is progressing. Souls are getting saved, and soldiers are being enrolled.—Jim Janes, Capt.

Watch and See the Result.

Dartmouth.—Some people believe that the devil has all to do with making people sick. Well, I'm not prepared to go far into the argument, but I know he would do as bad as that. However, your humble servant has been laid aside for almost a week, and if (we'll say it) the devil did it, he has nicely outdone himself, for three souls sought salvation and the finances were the best for three weeks. Brothers Richardson and Fushion, from H.M.S. "Bussard," lent a helping hand on Friday night and all day Sunday. God bless them! We have great faith for a good work to be done in Dartmouth. Self-Denial Week is looming up not far ahead. Dartmouth has received an awful challenge from —, but watch and see the splinters fly.—G. P. T.

We Remember the Great Self-Denier.

Glance Bay, C.B.—On Sunday afternoon the infant child of Bandsman and Sister McBain was dedicated to God and the S.A. As Brother and Sister McBain, with their little child, made their way to the front of the platform, the band played very nicely, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," after which the ceremony was performed, and Captain Thompson returned Elizabeth Hope McBain to our dear comrades to be trained by them for God and the Army. We have been favored with a visit from our new leaders, Staff-Captain Phillips and Adj. Wiggins. The Staff-Captain and Adj. made very impressive and soul-stirring appeals. The effect of the meeting will be seen, for

although no one yielded, there were twelve men who stood up in response to the Adj.'s test as to those who once served God and were better satisfied than now. The soldiers' meeting held after the public meeting was much enjoyed by the soldiers, and the Staff-Captain and Adj. can rest assured of a hearty welcome whenever they can visit us.—Sergt. Major.

Fernie, B.C.—The war is going on in this part of the field. On Saturday night we had the first ice cream social of the season, and the net proceeds were \$32. The cream was all gone before the people were half satisfied. On Sunday at the farewell of Secretary Newton for the field, God came very near, and four souls farewelled from sin. Two more came on Wednesday, making six for the week. On Thursday and Friday we had a visit from the new T.F.S., Ensign Andrews. We were glad to see him. Everyone present enjoyed the lantern service, and will look forward to the next visit of the Ensign.—Magpie.

Hannah, N.D.—The Redhot Brigade has paid us a visit. We had grand times. God's Spirit was manifest, and, best of all, five souls surrendered. Several desired our prayers, and we are believing for their salvation. Two claimed the Lord for healing.—J.S.S. M. Meredith.

We Deny Ourselves and Follow Him.

Huntsville.—On Sunday week J.S. Sergt. Mrs. Vantress farewelled for the West. God in a marked manner blessed her in her appeal to those left to do their duty and stand by the Flag. Last Sunday Bro. C. Quaife, who has been a faithful J.S. worker, farewelled for the Garrison. The meeting at night was a most impressive one. Backsliders came to the Cross as a result of the appeal to fill the vacancy made in our ranks. We pray that Bro. Quaife may be blessed.

The Champions

OF



Mrs. Adj. Bradley.



Capt. Blodgett.



Adj. Moore.

Mrs. Adj. Moore
(Ensign Ottaway)

Territorial Champion Collector, 1900.



Staff-Capt. Burditt.



Adj. Wiggins.



Ensign Dean.

East Ontario Province.

Ensign Ottaway (Mrs. Adj. Moore)	\$390.00
Capt. Burtch	87.90
Staff-Capt. Burditt	80.34
Bro. D. Cusick, Quebec	60.00
Capt. McNaney	55.00

Central Ontario Province.

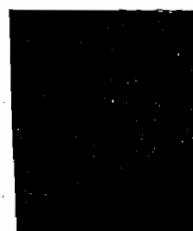
Adj. Moore	\$103.60
Capt. French	67.35
Staff-Capt. Archibald	60.00
Adj. Wiggins	51.80

West Ontario Province.

Sergt. Armstrong, London	\$103.00
Bro. Holmer, Goderich	54.00
Capt. Freeman	53.20

Self-Denial Week

1900.



Adj. Stevens.



Capt. Noble.



Capt. McNaney.



Capt. Krell.



Mrs. Ens. Cummins.



Staff-Capt. Archibald.

North-West Province.

Ensign Dean	\$74.19
Capt. Blodgett	74.13
Capt. Westacott	60.50
Capt. Herringshaw	51.75
Mrs. Adj. Bradley	51.10

Pacific Province.

Capt. Noble	\$126.00
Mrs. Ensign Cummins	118.75
Capt. Krell	56.00
Adj. Stevens	51.90

(No lists were received from the Provincial Officers of Newfoundland and Eastern Provinces, although written for.—Ed.)

of God in the winning of many precious souls for the Kingdom, and that he may be as great a blessing wherever God may lead him as he has been to us here.—John Hoile, J.S.S.M.

Huron St.—Ensign Perry gave us an address on the Holy War, and his little armor-bearer sang to us. We had a good meeting. On Sunday we had an outpouring of God's Spirit from 7 in the morning until we closed at night, and at the wind-up we rejoiced over one sinner coming to the cross. We are believing for greater things, for God is with us.—M. J. Langridge.

We Are United to Win.

Lewiston.—Corps sends greeting, with news of victory for God. When Captains Scott and Gain assumed charge six months ago, the Lewiston corps was at a very low ebb, with a heavy debt hanging over it. Since then the corps has grown to a healthy condition. A fine large barracks on the principal street has been secured, and the old debt is almost entirely wiped out. On Thursday last Captain Gain farewelled and left for her new appointment at Butte. Only those who have been like afflicted can realize with what aching hearts we bade her good-bye. May God bless her wherever she may be, even as she was a blessing to all who knew her here! We have greatly enjoyed a visit from Adj. Stevens, who came here to rest and to receive medical treatment. The Adj. is a whole battalion for God, with ambulance-corps attached. The hot, dry summer months will soon be upon us, and the fighting will doubtless be hard, but the Lewiston corps is bound together with bands of brotherly love, and watered from the never-failing fountain of God's love. We expect to weather the drought nicely.—F. L. H. for Captain Scott.

Midland.—We have had grand times since the arrival of Captain Rose and Lieut. Minnes. The devil has lost two of his colleagues. We have just completed two successful musical meetings with grand success. Midland corps is bound to boom this summer, as we have the right mate-

rial to push the work ahead.—Ole Oleson.

Missoula, Mont.—Captains Fisher and Krell have farewelled, and Ensign Cummins and wife have arrived to help push on the war against sin and the devil here. It is the prayer of the comrades that they may be instrumental in leading many souls to the Saviour. The comrades gave them a hearty welcome. We had good meetings throughout the week. In Friday night's holiness meeting six came out for sanctification. At knee drill on Sunday morning ten comrades were out, and all got wonderfully blessed. In the afternoon meeting Capt. Keeney was with us and two brothers from Lincoln, Nebraska. When the invitation was given, one came forward and received pardon of her sins.—J. H. F., R. C.

Anticipating a Great Victory.

Moncton, N.B.—Three weeks ago Ensign and Mrs. Williams took charge of this corps. It was at a very low ebb, but things are moving in the right direction, and judging by what has come under my observation, they are the right persons in the right place. Our crowds are increasing, and the work in general is on the rise. On Sunday we had a good day. At night many a heart was touched through the Ensign's earnest talk. At the close of the meeting we rejoiced over three souls kneeling at the mercy seat, and God came to their help and liberated them from the bondage of sin. We are anticipating a good time in Moncton this summer. You will hear from us again in the near future.—One of the Crew.

Moosejaw.—Since last report one prodigal has returned, and many more are under the influence and power of the Spirit, and request our prayers. God is very near. We were equipped for the fight on Sunday with the armor of righteousness. An attack was made, and the enemy retreated. We are looking for greater results in the near future.—Arthur Gardiner, J.S. Sergt.-Major.

Picton.—Major Turner paid his first visit to Picton Saturday and Sun-

day. A very nice crowd was present on Saturday night, and gave the Major a real warm welcome to our town. The Rev. Mr. McKeer prayed that God would bless the Major and help him in his work. The subject for Sunday afternoon was "Well Digging," and at night "A Great Crisis." We all join in saying "Come again." Self-Denial is all the talk now. Look out for us.—Lillie Live.

Trusting in God We Shall Conquer.

Richmond St.—At our J.S. Annual on Wednesday, May 1st, we had with us Major Pickering and Staff-Captain Stanyon, assisted by the Lisgar St. band and officers. The Major gave the Juniors their prizes, and we wound up by giving the band boys a cup of coffee. On Sunday we had a soul-refreshing time all day. Although there were no visible results, we are trusting God for great things to come. In our night meeting the solo given by Verdyde Howard was one of blessing, and made the people think of what they were doing with their talents. We are going in for victory.—M. J. Langridge.

Spokane.—Adj. and Mrs. Ayre have taken charge of the corps here. They were pretty well known to most of the comrades, and it did not take them very long to get acquainted with those who had never before met them. Everyone gave them a real Salvation Army welcome, with not only a handshake, but, praise God, a "heart shake." We believe God is going to make them a blessing not only to us, but to the poor sinners of this city. When an officer takes his coat off the first night he takes charge of a corps to preach salvation, it looks as if he meant business. At a meeting led by Adj. Dodd the other night, those who had benefited by the Social Department over which he has charge spoke of the blessing that department had been to them. One soldier, who had led a roving kind of life for years and had been a hard drinker, smoker and gambler, testified that through this particular branch of the work, not only has he been helped spiritually, but also financially, having settled down and held

a constant job in this city during the past twelve months, though it is not yet fourteen months since he sought and found Christ. Our Junior Sergt.-Major and Sergeants are working hard in the interests of the little ones and Sister Annie Norbury is looking after the welfare of the Band of Love workers.—Joe Logan, R.C.

St. George's, Ber.—We have had a great Gospel temperance meeting. A good crowd turned out to hear Master Gr. Duke give a lecture on temperance, and all who were present enjoyed it very much. Special singing by the comrades and a reading by Captain Clark were appreciated, and we finished with a good prayer meeting. Sinners were convicted, but none would yield. We are looking forward to victory.—Corps-Cadet E. J. Astell.

St. John's I.—The Lord is blessing us in a wonderful way, and things are looking brighter than usual under the management of our dear leader, Adj. McLean. We are still believing for greater things in the near future. On Friday night twelve souls knelt at the mercy seat for holiness, and on Sunday night eight sought salvation.—F. G. White, Lieut.

Thedford.—We are moving forward because we are trusting in God. Our hearts were made glad to see Major McMillan, Staff-Captain Rawling, Adj. McHarg and Lieut. Greenwood wheeling into Thedford on Wednesday night. The people were all held by Donald McMillan's singing in the open air, after which we marched to the hall, and found it nicely filled. The meeting was much enjoyed. Capt. Groombridge thanks the ministers for announcing the same in their services. Sunday's meetings were heart-searching times. In the holiness meeting two souls came out for a deeper knowledge of God, and at night one soul found Jesus. The future looks bright, and we expect to see great things done for the Lord.—B. C. R. C.

Sharp wits often cut themselves.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

EASTERN PROVINCE.

100 Hustlers.

Capt. Martin, Charlottetown...	241
Lieut. White, Fredericton...	237
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I...	155
P.S.M. McQueen, Moncton...	128
Capt. Clark, Chatham...	110
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow...	160
Cadet Holden, Yarmouth...	100
S. M. Casbin, Halifax I...	100
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Halifax I...	100
Lieut. Vandine, Truro...	94
Lieut. Duncan, Newcastle...	90
Lieut. McWilliams, Newcastle...	84
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay...	80
Capt. E. Taylor, Sussex...	80
Lieut. Redmond, St. Stephen...	76
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool...	70
Capt. Hawbold, Annapolis...	70
Capt. Andrews, Truro...	65
Capt. Hebb, Digby...	65
Lieut. Chandler, Summerside...	65
Mrs. Fraser, Windsor...	60
Capt. Leadley, New Glasgow...	60
Bro. Reed, St. John's I...	60
Lieut. Munro, North Head...	55
Sergt. Smith, Windsor...	50
Capt. McEachren, St. Stephen...	50
Capt. Forsey, Canning...	50
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay...	50
Sergt. Burgess, Halifax I...	50
Capt. Bradbury, St. John's V...	50
Lieut. March, Yarmouth...	50
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown...	50
Lieut. W. Fraser, Bridgewater...	50
S. Bishop, Parrsboro...	50
Lieut. Young, Woodstock...	50
Lieut. Harding, N. Sydney...	50
Lieut. A. Murthough, Hillsboro...	50
Capt. Wilson, Bridgetown...	50
Lieut. Long, Sydney...	50
Lieut. Tatem, St. John's II...	50
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay...	50
Capt. Brehaut, St. George's...	50
Capt. Bell, Somerset...	50
Sergt. Kelley, Hamilton...	50
Capt. Ryan, Bear River...	50
Sergt. Santuca, Hamilton...	50
Capt. B. A. Clark, St. George's...	49
Sis. Newell, St. John's I...	47
Ensign Williams, Moncton...	47
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton...	46
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor...	40
J. Chase, Fredericton...	40
D. Martin, Glace Bay...	40
M. Selig, Halifax I...	40
Capt. England, Yarmouth...	35
Cadet White, Yarmouth...	35
Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton...	35
C. C. Godsoe, Moncton...	35
Capt. Ritchie, Kentville...	35
Capt. Mrs. Parsons, Calais...	35
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Dartmouth...	35
Sergt. Veinot, Halifax II...	35
Sergt. McDowe, Dartmouth...	35
Mrs. Ehs. Allan, Woodstock...	30
Ensign Allan, Woodstock...	30
Mrs. Fraser, New Glasgow...	30
C. C. McKenzie, New Glasgow...	30
Capt. Tilley, Liverpool...	30
Capt. N. Smith, North Head...	30
Capt. J. Ehsary, Lunenburg...	80
Sis. McFadden, New Glasgow...	28
Lieut. Urquhart, Windsor...	27
Sergt. England, Chatham...	25
Bro. Hallet, Hampton...	25
Mrs. Ross, Fredericton...	25
Capt. Hudson, Carleton...	24
Ensign Parsons, St. John III...	24
Bro. Fairweather, St. John III...	24
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III...	24
Capt. J. Green, Moncton...	22
G. Wright, Newcastle...	20
Sergt. Holden, Windsor...	20
Sergt. Sharpam, Windsor...	20
Sergt. Moore, Charlottetown...	20
Capt. Anderson, Summerside...	20
Capt. Davis, Sydney Mines...	20
Capt. Kirk, Clark's Harbor...	20
Capt. Hutt, Fairville...	20
Lieut. Kenney, Fairville...	20
Cand. J. Parsons, Halifax I...	20
Sergt. Mercer, Dartmouth...	20
L. Conrad, Dartmouth...	20
Lieut. Netting, Stellarton...	20
Adj. Byers, Springhill...	20
Capt. B. Green, Sackville...	20
Capt. Greenland, Amherst...	20
J. C. Chislett, N. Sydney...	20
Capt. Bowering, Parrsboro...	20
G. Adams, St. John V...	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

94 Hustlers.

Capt. Crawford, London...	252
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock...	125

Capt. Maisey, St. Thomas...	125
Capt. Stickells, Leamington...	105
Capt. Ringler, Wingham...	100
Emma McDougall, Goderich...	100
Lieut. Yeomans, Sarnia...	90
Sergt. Richards, Guelph...	83
Capt. Heater, Clinton...	78
Capt. Carr, Petrolia...	76
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Strathroy...	75
Ensign Hollett, Galt...	75
Lieut. Craft, Galt...	75
Cand. M. Stagg, Wallaceburg...	65
Capt. Kitchen, Guelph...	65
Capt. Campbell, Bothwell...	60
Sis. Allen, Mitchell...	60
Capt. Yeomans, Essex...	56
Capt. Welsh, Simcoe...	56
Capt. Pickle, Forest...	55
Mrs. Wright, Ingersoll...	55
Capt. Williams, Guelph...	52
Capt. Sitzer, Goderich...	50
Ensign Slote, Seaforth...	50
Capt. Knuckle, Sarnia...	50
Sergt. Palmer, London...	50
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, London...	46
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia...	46
Ensign Howcroft, Seaforth...	46
S. M. Glover, Dresden...	45
Capt. Jordison, Blenheim...	45
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Ridgeway...	45
Capt. Coe, Ingersoll...	43
Adj. Blackburn, Simcoe...	43
Capt. Harman, Tilsonburg...	43
Mrs. Britton, Seaforth...	43
Lieut. Burney, Wallaceburg...	42
Capt. Groombridge, Thedford...	40
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway...	40
Emma Reynolds, Woodstock...	38
Lieut. Allen, Tilsonburg...	37
Lottie Butcher, Seaforth...	35
Mrs. Ensign Slote, Seaforth...	35
Lieut. Crank, Blenheim...	35
Lieut. Greenwood, Watford...	35
Lieut. Fennacy, Paris...	30
Corps-Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas...	30
Celesta Downs, St. Thomas...	30
Lieut. Cook, St. Thomas...	30
Lieut. Edwards, Seaforth...	30
Adj. McHarg, Petrolia...	30
Capt. Hancock, Paris...	27
Treas. Mrs. Harris, London...	27
Mrs. Stewart, Woodstock...	25
Lieut. McColl, Norwich...	25
Mother Cutting, Essex...	25
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll...	25
Capt. Dowell, Ridgeway...	25
Treas. Talcott, Ridgeway...	25
Corps-Cadet Crawford, Paris...	25
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville...	25
Sergt. McIlroy, St. Thomas...	24
J. S. S. M. Hocking, St. Thomas...	22
Sis. Pettit, St. Thomas...	22
Willie Duke, Ingersoll...	21
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor...	21
Adj. McGillivray, London...	21
Capt. Fyfe, Listowel...	20
Capt. Bonny, Norwich...	20
Mrs. Marchman, Norwich...	20
Capt. Rock, Berlin...	20
Ensign Crawford, Goderich...	20
Mrs. Lamb, Seaforth...	20
Mrs. Bateman, Seaforth...	20
Ensign Gamble, Chatham...	20
Sergt. Ellis, Dresden...	20
Bro. Christener, Dresden...	20
Maud Dustin, Wallaceburg...	20
Rachel Macklen, Wallaceburg...	20
Adj. Cameron, Brantford...	20
Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler...	20
Capt. Wiseman, Wyoming...	20
Secy. Hyde, Sarnia...	20
Capt. Plant, Drayton...	20
Capt. Haley, Palmerston...	20
S. M. Bryden, Windsor...	20
Ensign Scott, Clinton...	20
Lena Hurst, Windsor...	20
Macy Smith, Tilsonburg...	20
Capt. Coy, Stratford...	20
Corps-Cadet Gare, Strathroy...	20
Sergt. Mrs. Christener, Petrolia...	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter...	20
S. M. Grahame, Thamesville...	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

73 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I...	350
Capt. Carwardine, Dundas...	93
Ethel White, Barrie...	86
Capt. Hanna, Collingwood...	75
Capt. Downey, Yorkville...	75
Capt. Meeks, Barrie...	65
S. M. Mrs. Cornell, Lindsay...	60
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines...	59
Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines...	59
Ensign Lott, Parry Sound...	57
Capt. Wilson, Chesley...	55
Sergt. Bowcock, Lippincott...	55
Capt. Matthews, North Bay...	50

Lieut. Bone, North Bay...	50
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound...	50
Sister McKinnon, Owen Sound...	50
Mrs. Le Cocq, Newmarket...	50
Adj. Walker, Riverside...	50
Lieut. Greavett, Riverside...	50
S. M. Hinton, Oakville...	45
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Collingwood...	45
Cadet Crandell, Lippincott...	44
Cadet West, Lippincott...	42
Sergt. Golding, Lippincott...	40
Capt. Stollker, Riverside...	40
Mrs. Capt. Liston, Orillia...	40
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury...	40
Lieut. Meader, Sudbury...	40
Louie Coy, Hamilton I...	40
Sergt. Homan, Lindsay...	40
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St...	40
Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines...	35
Capt. Rose, Midland...	33
Lieut. Minnes, Midland...	33
Capt. Peacock, Uxbridge...	32
Lieut. Dauberville, Uxbridge...	32
Capt. Stickells, Hamilton II...	32
Lieut. Griffith, Hamilton II...	32
Capt. McCann, Huron St...	32
Capt. Howcroft, Huron St...	32
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville...	32
Capt. Stephens, Fenelon Falls...	31
Capt. Liddard, Fenelon Falls...	31
Capt. Huskinson, Oshawa...	30
Lieut. Porter, Oshawa...	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple...	30
Sis. Medlock, Temple...	30
Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St...	30
Capt. Le Cocq, Newmarket...	30
Cadet Frow, Lippincott...	30
Adj. Burrows, Barrie...	29
Lieut. Jago, Meaford...	29
Capt. Clink, Huntsville...	25
Capt. Bond, Huntsville...	25
C-Cadet McCarney, Riverside...	25
Sis. Palmer, Orillia...	25
Sergt. M. Homan, Lindsay...	25
Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines...	25
Mrs. Bennett, Lisgar St...	25
Ensign Sims, Lisgar St...	25
C-Cadet M. Tuck, Lisgar St...	25
Capt. Fisher, Meaford...	22
Sergt. Bowman, Temple...	22
Cadet Murray, Temple...	20
P. S. M. Beadley, Temple...	20
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Lisgar St...	20
Sergt. Brown, Huntsville...	20
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St...	20
Bro. Langridge, Huron St...	20
Capt. Marshall, Feversham...	20
Sis. Robinson, Oshawa...	20
Sis. Barton, Newmarket...	20
Cadet Sheppard, Lippincott...	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

65 Hustlers.

Capt. Lang, Burlington...	150
Capt. Hickman, Picton...	140
Capt. Gammaidge, St. Albans...	120
Lieut. Hicks, Barre...	110
Capt. McNaney, Cornwall...	105
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa...	100
Capt. Randall, Port Hope...	100
Capt. Carter, Belleville...	100
Capt. Owens, Sherbrooke...	100
Capt. Yake, St. Johnsbury...	90
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Ottawa...	90
Capt. Bloss, Ogdensburg...	90
Capt. Ash, Perth...	90
Adj. Moore, Kingston...	90
P. S. M. Veale, Barre...	77
Capt. Green, Trenton...	74
Adj. Babington, Peterboro...	71
Capt. Slater, Arnprior...	70
Capt. Bethune, Burlington...	70
Capt. Norman, Quebec...	70
Lieut. Schermehorn, Campbellford...	69
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa...	65
Lieut. Waugh, Brockville...	61
Lieut. Langley, Cobourg...	60
Lieut. Bryan, Newport...	59
Ensign Yerex, Newport...	59
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville...	50
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto...	50
Lieut. Holliday, Prescott...	50
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg...	43
Lieut. Ludlow, Morrisburg...	43
Geo. Rutledge, Gananoque...	40
Sergt. Hippert, Montreal II...	40
Mrs. King, Napanee...	40
Mrs. Simons, Kingston...	40
Sergt. Stone, Lakefield...	40
Capt. Hickman, Bloomfield...	40
Lieut. Hoole, Napanee...	39
Capt. Woods, Sunbury...	38
Mrs. Redfern, Peterboro...	34
S. M. Downey, Kingston...	31
J. Robinson, Peterboro...	30
Capt. Burtch, Montreal II...	30
Miss Chillingworth, Montreal IV...	30
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro...	29
Mrs. Watts, Kingston...	28
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa...	28
Mrs. Brown, Ottawa...	26
Capt. Bushy, Kemptville...	25
Capt. Newell, Kemptville...	25
Envoy Magee, Wakefield...	25
Bro. Stanzel, Carleton Place...	25
J. S. Dawitta, Picton...	25
Ensign Mrs. Jones, Tweed...	25

Sister Whelock, Kingston...	23
Etta Baker, Campbellford...	23
Sergt. Proctor, St. Johnsbury...	22
Mrs. Jewell, Picton...	22
John Walton, Kingston...	22
Mrs. Green, Peterboro...	20
Mildred Veale, Barre...	20
Father Duquette, Trenton...	20
Bro. Easton, Algonquin...	20
Sis. Covill, Algonquin...	20
Miss Gillan, Renfrew...	20

NORTHWEST PROVINCE.

47 Hustlers.

Lieut. E. Gamble, Moorhead...	150
Minnie Lewis, Winnipeg...	139
Lieut. J. Cooke, Rat Portage...	109
Capt. Blodgett, Brandon...	103
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo...	88
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg...	80
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton...	76
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown...	75
Cadet Sherriss, Winnipeg...	63
Ensign Mrs. Habbkirk, Grand Forks...	58
Capt. Hall, Lethbridge...	56
Annie Pearce, Calgary...	56
Mrs. Capt. White, Portage la Prairie...	55
Lieut. G. Papstein, Medicine Hat...	52
Lieut. W. Meron, Grafton...	50
Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary...	48
Mrs. Capt. A. Wilkins, Devil's Lake...	48
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg...	46
Lieut. E. Cusiter, Port Arthur...	45
Capt. Brandser, Carman...	45
Lieut. L. Dunster, Selkirk...	42
Mrs. Capt. G. Gillam, Regina...	42
Adj. A. Thomas, Lethbridge...	42
Sergt. Mrs. Smith, Winnipeg...	40
Capt. R. Taylor, Neepawa...	40
Sergt.-Maj. Michaels, Devil's Lake...	40
Capt. S. Flaws, Dauphin...	38
Lieut. McRae, Larimore...	37
Cadet Baynton, Grand Forks...	37
Capt. Bauson, Bismarck...	35
Lieut. Nuttall, Minot...	34
Capt. N. Meyers, Moosejaw...	33
Capt. McKay, Souris...	31
Lieut. A. Quist, Virden...	30
Capt. J. Ferguson, Port Arthur...	30
Capt. S. Draper, Moosomin...	29
C-Cadet M. Johnson, Bismarck...	28
Lieut. A. Haugen, Moosejaw...	26
Capt. Barrager, Larimore...	24
Capt. E. Anderson, Minot...	23
Capt. D. Meyers, Rat Portage...	21
Capt. White, Portage la Prairie...	21
Lieut. Morris, Portage la Prairie...	21
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg...	20
Sis. M. Chapman, Winnipeg...	20
Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa...	20
Cadet Battley, Grand Forks...	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

39 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. McGill, Nelson...	170
Capt. Southall, Rossland...	160
Sergt. Preston, Spokane...	155
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Butte...	150
Capt. Darrach, Billings...	130
Capt. Hurst, Victoria...	80
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Victoria...	75
Mrs. Sprague, Missoula...	73
Lieut. Owen, Everett...	65
Mrs. Terryberry, Vancouver...	63
Tom Whipple, Vancouver...	60
Capt. Duthie, Victoria...	60
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo...	58
Mrs. Woodthorpe, Vancouver...	54
Sergt. Steel, Fernie...	53
Capt. Walruth, Great Falls...	53
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria...	52
Mrs. Hooker, Wallace...	50
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo...	47
Carrie Bowles, Vancouver...	47
Capt. Nesbitt, Great Falls...	47
Mrs. Tritt, Dillon...	45
Capt. Gain, Lewiston...	40
Sis. Allen, Missoula...	37
Sis. Mrs. Royles, Butte...	35
Capt. Dales, Bozeman...	35
Bro. Britt, Rossland...	32
Capt. Scott, Lewiston...	30
Sergt. Wardell, Rossland...	30
Ensign May, Everett...	30
Cadet Newton, Fernie...	27
Capt. Fisher, Butte...	25
Mrs. Sarton, Victoria...	25
Mrs. Hill, Vancouver...	25
Elsie Connon, Vancouver...	25
Capt. Perrenoud, Snohomish...	20
Lieut. Malcolm, Snohomish...	20
Sis. Hawkins, Great Falls...	20
Bro. Adolphe Reed, Nelson...	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

30 Hustlers.

Sergt.-Major Ebsary, St. John's I...	50
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate...	50
J. S. S. M. Oake, Tilt Cove...	49
Lieut. Summers, Dildo...	40
Sergt. Marshall, St. John's III...	40
Capt. Burry, Tilt Cove...	38
Sergt. Stowbridge, St. John's I...	35
Sergt. E. Butt, St. John's I...	30

Sergt. Foote, Grand Bank.....	30
Cadet Burt, Bay Roberts.....	25
Cadet Merrell, Bay Roberts.....	25
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank.....	25
Sergt.-Major Blackmore, Pelley's Island.....	25
Sergt. Ayles, Bonavista.....	25
Sergt. Evens, Hant's Harbor.....	25
Sergt. Ash, Carbonear.....	25
Sergt. Farrell, Clark's Beach.....	25
Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.....	25
Lieut. French, St. John's I.....	25
Cadet Olford, St. John's I.....	25
Cadet Mercer, St. John's I.....	25
C. Yetman, St. John's I.....	25
Cadet Ebsary, St. John's I.....	25
Sergt. Pitcher, Scilly Grove.....	20
Sergt. Vencient, New Town.....	20
Sergt. Hutchings, St. John's I.....	20
Sergt. Payne, St. John's I.....	20
A. Newbury, St. John's I.....	20
Sergt. Mrs. Taylor, Burin.....	20
Sergt. H. Kirby, Burin.....	20

THE KLONDIKE.

2 Hustlers.

Ensign Gooding, Skagway.....	132
Capt. Long, Skagway.....	91



Currell on Top With 350—Crawford is Second, a Long Way Off—Arab Straining to Overtake Eastern Star.

The Eastern Star has a round hundred this week, but Arab is only six behind, and if he succeeds in gaining the first place he deserves unlimited thunders of applause.

Nigger and Mag are a long distance behind Arab, but Nigger has distinctly given Mag the slip, and presses onward with a praiseworthy pluck.

Currell, thou brave Amazon, almost inspirest thou me to poetry! But, having obtained pardon for the past, I dare not commit any more poetry.

Captain Crawford is second this week, closely followed by two Easterners, Capt. Martin and Lieut. White.

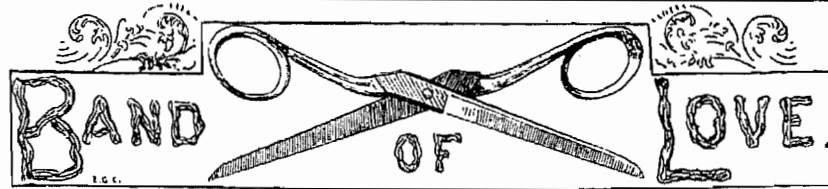
Look out for the Special Hustlers' War Cry, which will be dated June 8th. Much of interest to all Hustlers, and those who ought to be such.

Seven Souls Seeking Salvation.

Stellarton.—The winter has been against us in many ways. The Captain has been laid aside for three months with pneumonia, but we are glad to say she is improving, though not able to be out yet. We can report victory on Israel's side. Seven souls have been seen weeping their way to Calvary, one of which was a backslider for eight years.—Lieut. Netting.

Devil's Lake, N.S.—Since last report we have had five souls in the fountain, who, we believe, are properly saved. Lieut. Battley has arrived. May God bless his efforts in this town! We have had a pound meeting and a social. A good crowd attended each night. We have also had a visit from Ensign Staiger, with his lantern. The subject was "Called Forth to Fight." We believe it was a blessing to all who were present. We are believing for many victories during the summer.—Corps-Cadet L. V. Franks.

Tweed.—Since last report a number of souls have sought God, and some have taken their stand as blood and fire soldiers. During the last year thirty new names have been added to the roll, and although two or three have gone back to the mire, we have still a number of recruits who, I trust, will soon be enrolled. We start this week with sunrise prayer meetings (5 o'clock). Nine were present this morning (Monday). This is a good start for Self-denial. Tweed has a proper lot of soldiers—hard to beat.—Ensign and Mrs. Jones.



THE AMBULANCE CLASS

CHAPTER XVI.

FRACTURES.

Fracture of the Jaw.—Close the mouth so as to bring the teeth against each other, and apply a four-tailed bandage. (Fig. 1).



Figure 1.

Fracture of the Skull.—External signs are not always present. In fractures at the base of the skull there may be bleeding from the ear, mouth or nose, and red patches of blood are sometimes seen in the whites of the eyes. With these signs there may be symptoms of concussion or compression of the brain.

Treatment.—Place the patient in a cool, dark, quiet room, lying on his back, the head slightly raised. Keep a cold wet cloth on the head. Do not give stimulants.

Fracture of the Forearm.—Bend the arm at the elbow and draw the bones into as good a position as possible. Place a broad, well-padded splint, reaching to the ends of the fingers, along the back of the forearm and hand. Now place another splint on the front of the arm and bind them on firmly. The arm is then put in a sling, and should lie with the thumb pointing upward.

Fracture of the Collar Bone.—Lay the patient on his back on the floor, with one blanket beneath him, and allow him to remain there until medical aid arrives. The position keeps the shoulder back, and thus prevents the broken ends of the bone from rubbing against each other. If it is necessary to move him, place a pad as large as a man's fist in the armpit and bind the elbow to the side, the hand and forearm extending across the chest.

Fracture of the Ribs.—Besides some of the usual signs of fracture, there is often pain and difficulty in breathing, and sometimes spitting of blood.

Treatment.—If the patient is spitting blood, keep him quiet. Bandage the whole chest firmly with a roller bandage, or apply strips of adhesive

plaster reaching half way round the chest.

Compound Fracture.—Compound fractures are treated like simple ones, with the exception that great care must be taken not to allow any dirt to enter the wound. The wound must be dressed, and if there is bleeding it must be treated like any other hemorrhage.

DISLOCATION.

If one bone is displaced from another at a joint, the injury is called a dislocation. The ligaments that hold the joint in place have been torn, there is pain, deformity and stiffness. Dislocations cannot always be distinguished from fractures near the joint; for this and other reasons it is inexpedient for the unskilled to touch a supposed dislocation, unless it is absolutely necessary to do so, as in cases where a doctor cannot be obtained.

Treatment.—The best way to treat the majority of dislocations is to make the sufferer as comfortable as possible, lay a wet cloth over the affected joint, and wait for skilled aid.

Dislocation of the Shoulder.—In a dislocation of a shoulder the arm bone is sometimes easily replaced. Lay the patient on his back, sit down beside him on the injured side, facing him. Take the shoe off the foot nearest the patient, and place that foot firmly on the armpit of the dislocated shoulder. Draw down his arm and, while drawing down, drag it over in front of his body to the other side. This will often pry the head of the bone in its place. These manipulations must be accompanied by the greatest gentleness. If any difficulty be experienced, the attempt should be given up.

Dislocation of the Fingers.—Dislocation of the fingers may be reduced by pulling the bones into place and retaining them in position with a splint and bandage, applied in the same manner as for a fracture.

Dislocation of the Lower Jaw.—In this condition the mouth is wide open and the lower jaw immovable and projecting. This dislocation may also be reduced by the amateur. Protect the thumbs by wrapping them in handkerchiefs, as otherwise they are liable to be caught between the teeth and injured when the jaw goes into place. Place them in the patient's mouth, one on each side, resting on the lower back teeth, and press steadily and firmly downward, then a little backward, and the jaw will go into place with a snap.

Dislocations other than those of the shoulder, lower jaw and fingers, had much better be let completely alone, as more harm can be done by unskilful handling than by waiting.

SPRAINS.

A sprain is the result of violent twisting, stretching or partial tearing of the ligaments about a joint; and often at the same time, especially in sprains of the ankle, there is a fracture of the ends of the bones. There is no apparent deformity like that of a dislocation until swelling takes place. Severe pain, greatly increased by movements of the joint, accompanies this injury.

Treatment.—If possible, place the injured joint in water, as hot as can be borne, and keep the water hot for an hour and a half or more by adding hot water as fast as it cools. Then apply cotton batting over the joint and bandage with moderate firmness in such a manner as to prevent any movement of the joint. For this purpose a splint may be used. The surgeon will put the injured member into some form of splint or stiff bandage that will prevent the least movement of the joint. Success in treating a sprain depends upon securing absolute rest. If possible, the injured joint should be maintained in a somewhat elevated position.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

IRWIN, CORPORAL W. Six ft. 2 in. Last heard of two years ago, then at Fort Foster, Buffalo, U. S. Mother enquires.

BROOKS, HUBERT JAMES. Born in the County of Peel. Left Peel for the North-West in '85, last heard of in Washington Territory in '86. Dark complexion, dark hair, dark blue eyes. Has a scar on the side of his head, height about 6 ft, rather stout. Father enquires.

HILLS, ALICE. Age 25, dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known at Niagara Falls, Ont., where she was employed at the Post Office. Father enquires.

BINNS, ELLA and CLARA. Clara (wife of Mr. Binns) age 50, height 5 ft. 2 in., complexion fair. Last seen at East London, 1888. Ella 5 ft. 2 in. Mr. Binns enquires.

GUY, KATIE. Last known address, 16 years ago, was Dartmouth, N. S. Once lived with a family by the name of Bissett. Mother very anxious to hear from her daughter.

WELSH, PATRICK. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Welsh left Rose Green, near Cashel, Ireland, about 50 years ago, for Upper Canada. Mrs. John Johnson seeks information.

Second Insertion.

HAMILTON, THOMAS. Left Huntsville with his brother to get work. Last heard of at Burk's Falls. Fair complexion, fair moustache, fair hair, height 6 ft. His wife is very anxious to hear from him.

PRESTON, LAWEL. Last heard of in Toronto. Brother John supposed to be in a boot and shoe business on Yonge Street, Toronto. His residence was on College Street. He may have retired from business.

MANNINGHAM, MRS. Age 63. greyish-blue eyes, dark sandy hair, height about 5 ft. 10 in. Son at Butte, Mont., enquires.

RICHARDS, JAMES. Last heard of at Brant, near Omaha, Ohio. About 30 years of age, brown hair, blue eyes. If he would correspond with his mother, at Toronto, he would hear of something to his advantage.

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